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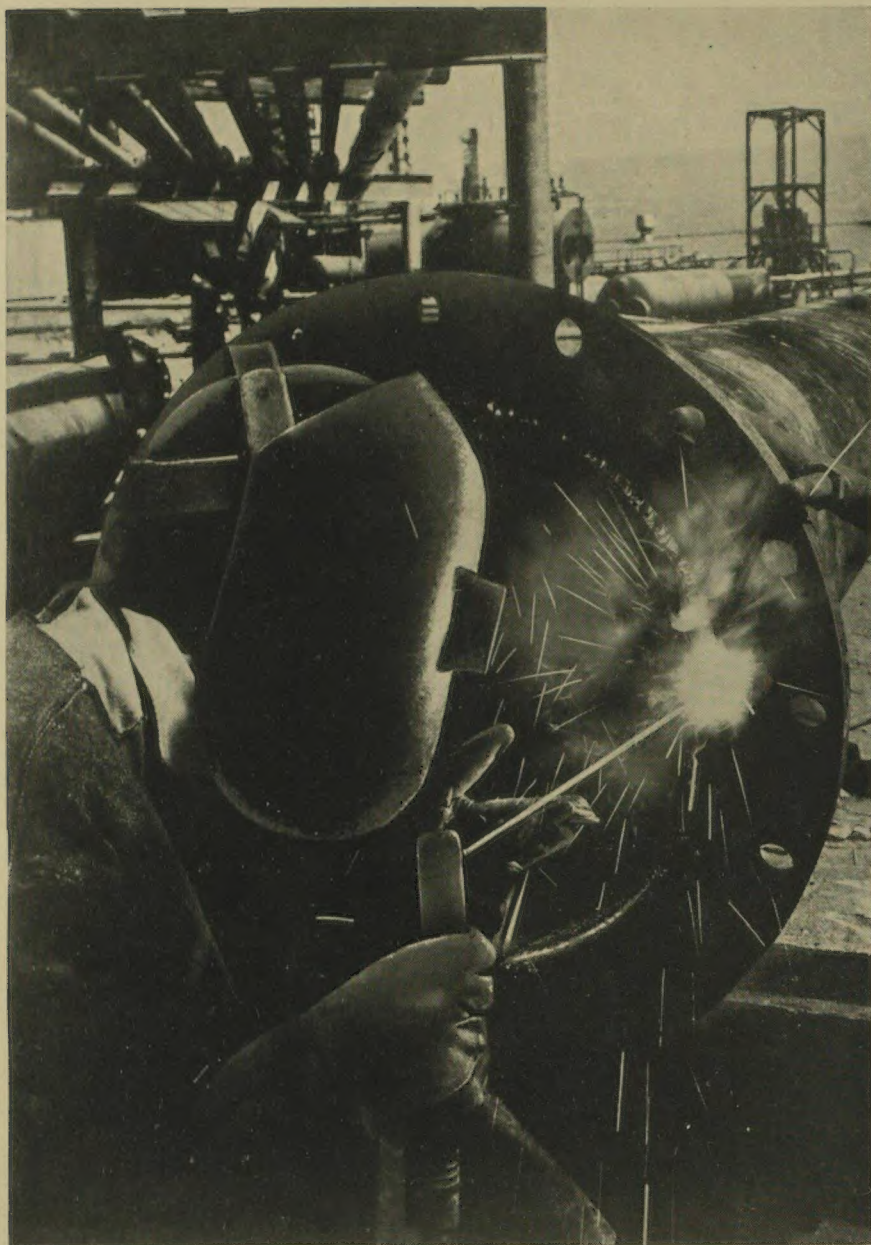
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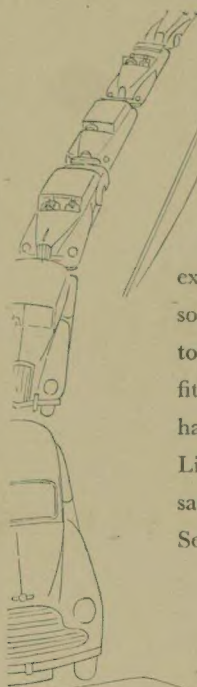


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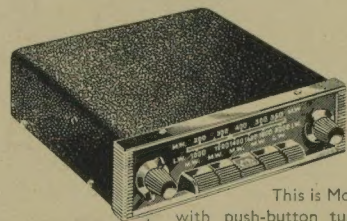
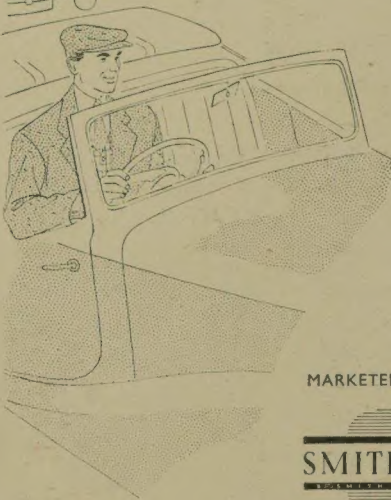


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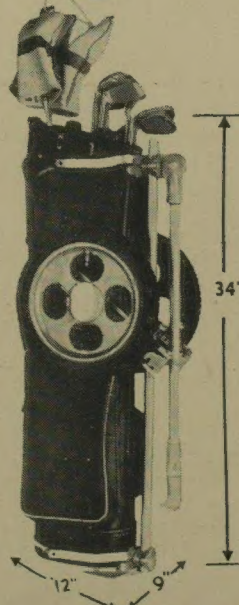
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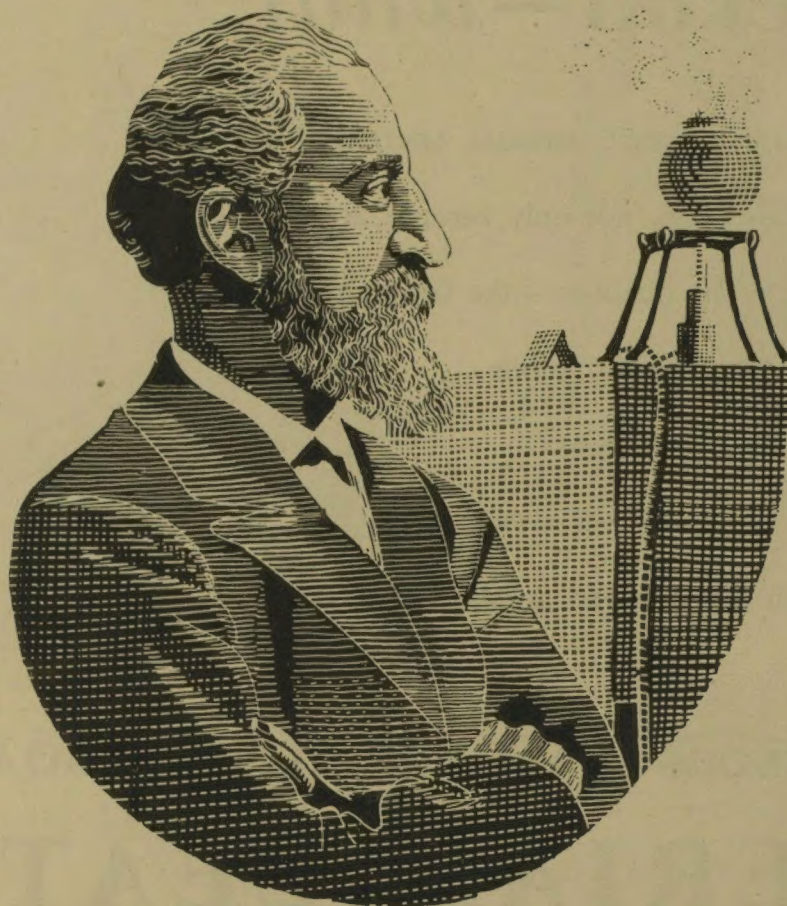
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FLUORINE

FROM the famous Blue John mine in Derbyshire comes a mineral called fluor-spar. For generations this has been mined in the North of England for use as a flux in metallurgical processes and for making enamels and glass. Today fluorspar has assumed a new importance. It is the chief source of hydrofluoric acid, the compound from which the element fluorine is obtained. Fluorine is chemically so active that it combines with glass and other materials normally used in chemical apparatus. Moissan, the famous French scientist who in 1886 first isolated it, used platinum apparatus which, though attacked, reacted sufficiently slowly to

allow him to isolate some free fluorine gas. For over fifty years this elusive element remained a chemical curiosity, but during the war it was needed in large quantities for the manufacture of certain uranium compounds used for the atomic energy projects. The result was so to intensify the research on fluorine chemistry (a great deal of it in I.C.I.'s laboratories) that fluorine is now produced on an industrial scale. Certain fluorine compounds are astonishingly resistant to corrosion and decomposition, a property which is of great value commercially. I.C.I. uses some of these in the manufacture of 'Arcton' refrigerants and 'Fluon', a new plastic material.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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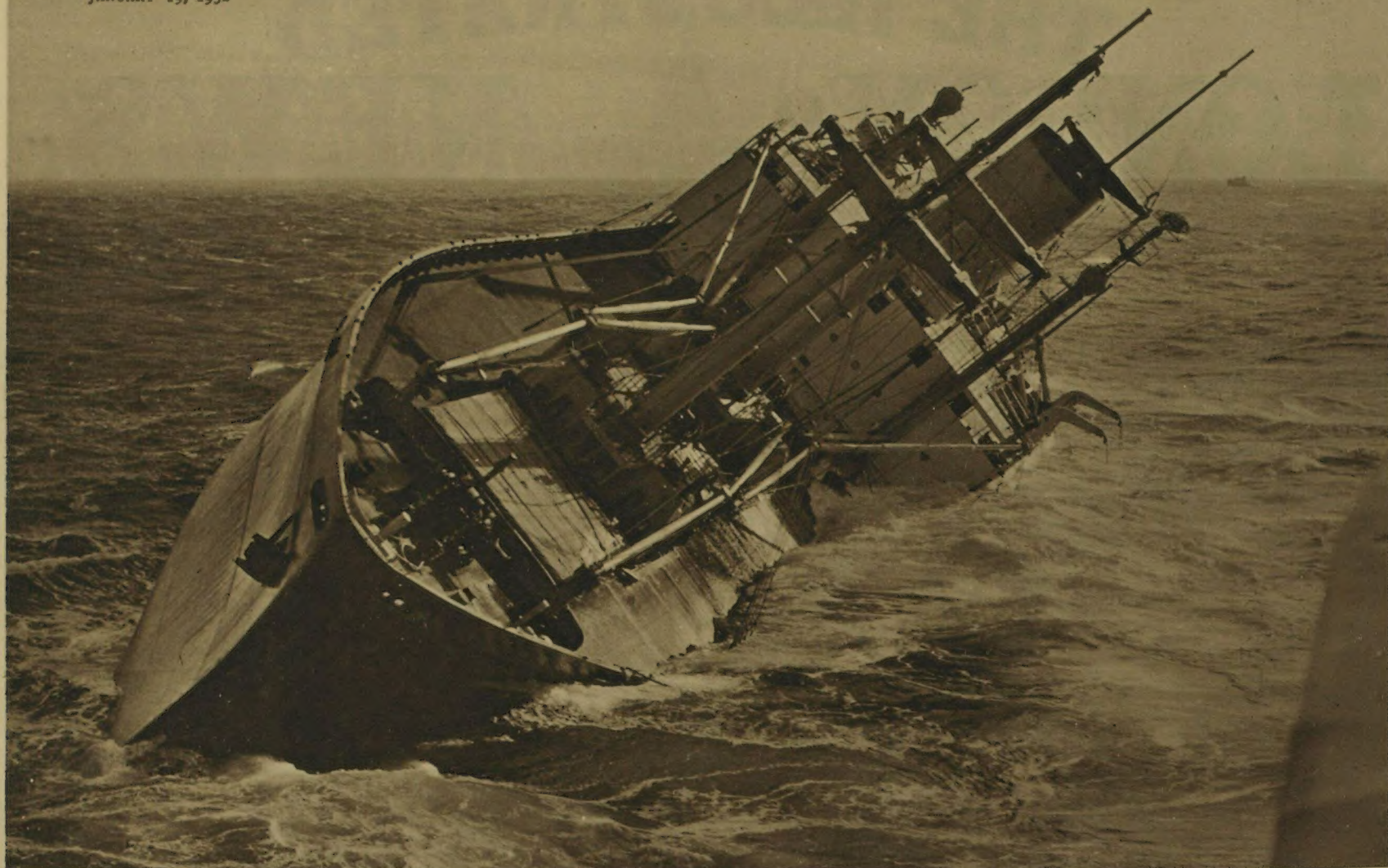
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1952.



ROLLING IN THE HEAVY SEAS WHICH SWEEPED OVER HER DECK: THE U.S. FREIGHTER FLYING ENTERPRISE ON JANUARY 8, WHEN HER MASTER, CAPTAIN KURT CARLSEN, "SEEMED A LITTLE CONCERNED, FOR THE FIRST TIME."

A battle with the sea which has been closely followed on both sides of the Atlantic ended on January 10, when the freighter *Flying Enterprise* rolled over on her side and sank after remaining afloat with a heavy list for thirteen days during which time her master, Captain Kurt Carlsen, had stayed aboard alone until joined by Mr. Kenneth Dancy, mate of the salvage tug *Turmoil*, on January 4. With his ship listing at times to an angle of 80 deg., Captain Carlsen was full of confidence, and when his ship had been taken in tow by the *Turmoil* it seemed

that his gamble with the sea would be successful. On January 8, when this aerial photograph was taken, however, the weather deteriorated and Captain Carlsen reported that his ship was rolling heavily and definitely riding lower in the water. The U.S. destroyer *Willard Keith* radioed that he seemed a little concerned for the first time. The tow-line parted at 1.30 a.m. on January 9 and efforts to take the *Flying Enterprise* in tow again failed. Elsewhere in this issue we illustrate the last moments of the *Flying Enterprise* and other aspects of this gallant venture.



PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE ORDEAL ENDURED BY CAPTAIN CARLSEN AND MR. KENNETH DANCY ABOARD THE STRICKEN *FLYING ENTERPRISE*: (TOP) A VIEW OF THE BOWS SHOWING THE PORT LIFEBOAT DAVITS NEARLY SUBMERGED AND (BELOW) A VIEW OF THE STERN, WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES FLYING FROM THE ENSIGN STAFF.

CAPTAIN KURT CARLSEN'S THIRTEEN-DAY ORDEAL: THE *FLYING ENTERPRISE* ROLLING IN THE ATLANTIC SWELL.

The 6711-ton U.S. freighter *Flying Enterprise*, which developed a 30-degree list when some 300 miles south-west of Ireland on December 28, was abandoned by her crew of forty and ten passengers on her master's orders on the following day, when the *Southland* and *General Macrae* were standing by. All were picked up, but Captain Carlsen refused to leave, and said that he would stay aboard until he was towed or sunk. The U.S. destroyer *John W. Weeks*,

later relieved by the *Willard Keith*, and the British salvage tug *Turmoil*, went to his assistance, and the *Flying Enterprise* was taken in tow on January 5, and it was hoped to take her to Falmouth, a distance of 180 miles. The tow-line parted early on January 9, and the vessel sank at 4.10 p.m. on January 10, when some 40 miles from Falmouth. During the last hours the *Lizard* and *Cudgwith* lifeboats stood by in turn ready to assist in rescue operations.

CAPTAIN CARLSEN'S GAMBLE WITH THE SEA: THE END OF A GALLANT VENTURE.



THE END OF A GALLANT VENTURE: *FLYING ENTERPRISE* LYING RIGHT OVER ON HER SIDE AFTER THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN CARLSEN AND MR. KENNETH DANCY.



LYING LIKE A GREAT WHALE ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER: THE *FLYING ENTERPRISE* SINKING WHEN ABOUT 40 MILES FROM FALMOUTH.



GOING DOWN BY THE STERN: THE *FLYING ENTERPRISE* ABOUT TO SLIDE UNDER THE SURFACE AT 4.10 P.M. ON JANUARY 10 AS TUGS AND SHIPS SOUNDED THEIR SIRENS.



WITH HER FUNNEL ALMOST LEVEL WITH THE SEA: THE *FLYING ENTERPRISE* AT THE STAGE WHEN SHE WAS ABANDONED BY CAPTAIN CARLSEN AND MR. DANCY.



THE FINAL PLUNGE: A VIEW OF THE BOWS OF THE *FLYING ENTERPRISE* AS SHE DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW, WHILE TUGS AND ACCOMPANYING SHIPS SOUNDED A LAST FAREWELL ON THEIR SIRENS AND FLARES WHICH HAD BECOME IGNITED ON THE DOOMED SHIP LIGHTED THE SCENE.

For over a fortnight public attention on both sides of the Atlantic has been focussed on an American freighter, the *Flying Enterprise*, and the ordeal of her master, Captain Carlsen, who decided to remain aboard after seeing to the safety of his passengers and crew when his vessel developed a heavy list. His gamble with the sea has aroused the admiration of thousands, and though it failed, in spite of the efforts of the British salvage tug *Turmoil* to tow the *Flying Enterprise* to Falmouth, he put up a gallant fight, which has been recognised by the King of Denmark with the award of the Officer's Cross of the Order of Dannebrog. The

end came at about 3.30 p.m. on January 10, when the *Flying Enterprise* was lying over with her funnel almost level with the sea and with water pouring into her. Captain Carlsen and Mr. Kenneth Dancy jumped from the funnel into the sea and were picked up by the *Turmoil*, which then stood by the sinking ship. At 4.10 p.m. the bows of the freighter rose from the water and she slid under stern first, while the tugs and accompanying ships sounded a last farewell on their sirens. The *Turmoil* then made for Falmouth, where a civic welcome had been arranged for Captain Carlsen and Mr. Dancy.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Russians, like the poor, are always with us. In the political and military spheres, of course, they are apt to be a colossal nuisance and, if they continue as they are doing, it seems only too likely that, saving another Marne or Battle of Britain, we shall all be in danger of catching our deaths of them, just as we so nearly did of their Nazi and Junker and Napoleonic and Revolutionary predecessors. But in a mere literary and journalistic sense and as a subject for the casual commentator, they are an unqualified boon and a source of delight and wonder. Without them a poor columnist could scarcely hope to survive the flatness and tedium of a planned egalitarian age. There is nothing flat or egalitarian about the men of the Kremlin. They suffer, apparently—heaven knows why!—from the most tremendous inferiority complex ever recorded in history, and this makes them conduct themselves in the most extraordinary and, for a well-protected onlooker (watching them from an ivory tower at a safe distance) ludicrous way. Owing to their complete monopoly of power, they can say and do whatever they like, however ridiculous or impossible, and, where fantastic and extravagant speech and deed are concerned, the sky is their limit.

The latest extravagance from the other side of the Iron Curtain is their reception of a contemporary British opera. It was reported in the Press the other day that all theatres and dramatic societies in the Soviet zone of Germany have been instructed to perform Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes" as often as possible during the coming year. This is neither for penitentiary reasons—for Germans of all classes, unlike the British, are extremely fond of opera—nor even because, like many of our own highbrow musical critics, Soviet directors of Culture regard Mr. Britten as our greatest native writer of music of all time. It is because, we are told, the opera presents "a harrowing but authentic picture," drawn by an Englishman himself, of "the degeneracy of life in Britain" and "unblushingly reveals the sink of obscenity, immorality, lying, hypocrisy, backbiting and tittle-tattle into which life in Britain has fallen." Whatever its musical merits—very properly derived, it seems, from Moussorgsky—it ends, we are told, "in a moral cul-de-sac, typical of all capitalist countries. This is hardly surprising," the Communist directive continues, "when one considers that the opera originates in a land which has done nothing decisive to change its outworn social structure. . . . The characters are those of everyday life in Britain, with all that this means in social decay." Unhappily, shortage of space in my Sunday newspaper prevented further quotation, but even this fleeting glimpse of the rich veins of thought glittering beyond the Iron Curtain lightened and brightened the murk and tedium of a capitalists' stooge's January Sabbath. I could think of little else all day.

I wish I could bring to the notice of the Soviet authorities other British dramatic and operatic works. I should like to hear their views, for instance, on "Charley's Aunt" and "The Mikado." Indeed, if such a suggestion does not constitute a species of *lese majesté*, I would venture to commend the latter piece to the amateur dramatic society of the Supreme Soviet itself for performance on the next appropriate October Revolution Day or People's Sunday, with Stalin himself—and how superbly he would act it—playing the title-role. Incidentally, what a magnificent Pooh-Bah Mr. Molotov would make, and what an admirable Ko-Ko Mr. Vyshinsky! The opera, realistically based on the contemporary life of high Japanese capitalist circles, might have been written for the leaders of modern Russia to act, and for the noble propagandist ends they so unceasingly and selflessly serve. And how, if reproduction of the performance were permitted on the cinema screens of the degenerate West—and it must be hoped it will be—it would make the Fascist hyenas sit up and bring a flush of joy to the pallid faces of their doped and oppressed slaves! It would bring one even to mine.

However, wishful thinking will never get a man anywhere, even a capitalists' stooge. It is time to return to the sober and devastating realism of Benjamin Britten's operatic picture of British contemporary life or, if

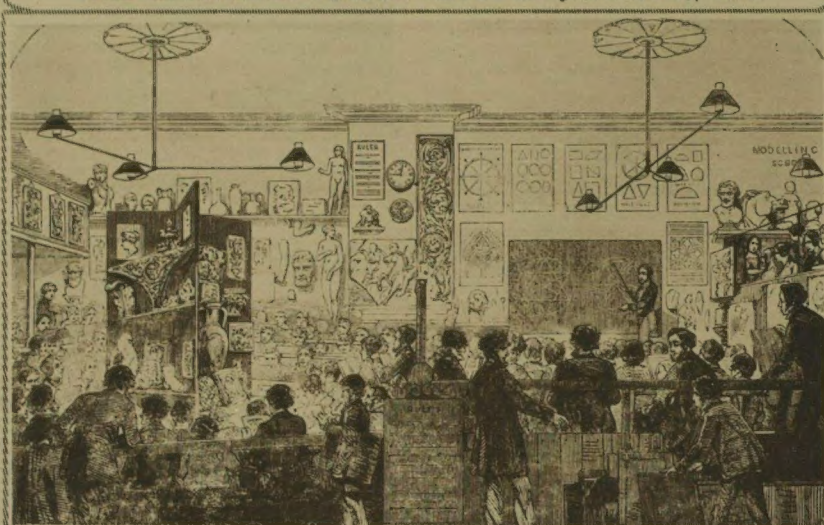
one is going, like a pedant, to insist on academic accuracy, to that of British provincial life a century-and-a-half ago; as capitalist countries never evolve or progress, it makes no difference anyway. I have not had the pleasure of witnessing "Peter Grimes"—if I lived in the Soviet Zone of Germany I should, no doubt, now have to—so I am in no position to judge whether it does, as reported by such well-documented eyes, end "in a moral cul-de-sac typical of all capitalistic countries." But for the sake of argument I will assume—though I appreciate that this is improbable—that it does so and that Mr. Britten's first important opera was vitiated by that philosophy of negation and despair that has been a fashionable mode of thought in British and Western European intellectual circles for a generation. And I

am old-fashioned enough to believe that such a philosophy, however brilliantly presented, does in fact constitute a challenge to the society that evokes and gives birth to it, and that to that extent, if their reading of Mr. Britten's attitude to life be correct, the Russians may be right in their reaction to it. It is, when one considers it, a reason for condemning any society that its most acclaimed intellects should have no explanation of life to offer save that it is a wholly sordid, discreditable and distasteful business. Had this view of existence—a pretty common one in Bloomsbury in the 1930's—the highbrows of the 'twenties, for all their proclaimed degeneracy, at least found the spectacle of human fatuity amusing!—been at all widely held in this country, we should have lost the late war and probably ceased by now to be an independent community. For how many would have voluntarily suffered pain and death in order that our society should survive if they had been animated by such a defeatist philosophy? Fortunately, though we honour them professionally, we seldom take our higher thinkers very seriously, and no great harm has been done by this attitude as yet to the body politic. Yet Soviet strictures, however ridiculous in other ways, may serve to remind us of the sterility and, indeed, unreality of a historical perspective, all too common in this country until a few years ago, which presents the whole of our national past as an unredeemed spectacle of greed, bombast, selfishness and superstition. It is probably wholesome sometimes to look at a section of our past national society as Benjamin Britten, using Crabbe's spectacles, looked at it in "Peter Grimes." But it can be misleading and even fantastic unless we also remember that the same society produced Nelson and the Napiers, Wilberforce and Howard, Keats and Shelley.

Even, however, if the propagandists of the purposeful East are right about the philosophy of "Peter Grimes," they must be wrong about that of its composer. His vision of his country and countrymen is wider than they apparently suppose. I was taken the other day by two children to see his enchanting "Let's Make an Opera" and, if, after the Soviet pattern, we are to seek in it a political moral, what do we find? We watch, and with it must be supposed, to a Russian, growing astonishment, the reaction of an aristocratic or capitalistic family of English children to a social

wrong which, visiting their home, suddenly impinges on their consciousness. When the little sweep, stuck in their chimney, cries pitifully for their aid, they give it immediately, enthusiastically and without a second thought to the punishment which they know awaits them if they are caught. These whelps of Fascist hyenas hide the little proletarian from his cruel master, bind his wounds, wash and feed him and set him on his way, for all the world like the Good Samaritan. And this, a student of social history knows, is exactly what the children of almost any English upper-class family of the time, faced by similar circumstances, would have done in the face of the cruel social wrong their parents condoned and ultimately, be it noted, abolished. May I put one question to the Soviet authorities? What would be the fate of a Russian or East German family who, moved by similar instinctive pity, hid, tended and rescued a hapless fugitive—a member, say, of a different class—from a concentration camp? And what, may I ask, would be the fate of a Soviet author or composer who made such practical tenderness and humanity the theme of an opera?

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JANUARY 17, 1852.



THE NORTH LONDON SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND MODELLING AT CAMDEN TOWN.

"This establishment presents one of the most gratifying successes of the recent attempts to extend the means of art-education in this country. The above School, situated at Camden-town, a locality favourable as the residence of a superior class of artisans, may be considered a model-school for the education of art-workmen. The institution has been in active operation for nearly two years, and has more than realised the expectations of its most sanguine promoters, being attended by about 100 male and 30 female pupils. The School is under the patronage of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, to whose liberality it is greatly indebted."



THE GREAT RUNNING MATCH FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT, AND A SWEEPSTAKES IN CASH, IN COPENHAGEN FIELDS.

"Nearly all the pedestrians of celebrity were brought together on Monday, either to compete for the championship, or to witness the performance of the swiftest foot-racers of the present time. Although the weather was showery and unfavourable, thousands of spectators congregated on this well-known sporting ground. The arrangements were excellent, preventing confusion . . . so that the competitors came to the scratch in admirable order, starting at fifty minutes past two o'clock, to the satisfaction of the immense throng, computed to exceed 4600 persons. . . . The winner (Frost) went over his ten miles in the almost incredibly short time (considering the weather and wet ground) of 54 minutes 21 seconds—the last two (of the eighteen competitors) passing the winning flag in 55 minutes 57 seconds. The Belt was given up to the winner the same evening, at the Copenhagen Tavern, in the presence of a large concourse of sporting gentlemen and pedestrians."



FALMOUTH'S WELCOME FOR THE MEN OF THE FLYING ENTERPRISE: (1) CAPTAIN CARLSEN MAKING A SPEECH AFTER LANDING AT THE PRINCE OF WALES PIER ON JANUARY 11; (2) (L. TO R.) MR. KENNETH DANCY, CAPTAIN CARLSEN AND CAPTAIN PARKER OF THE TUG TURMOIL; (3) (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN PARKER, MR. KENNETH DANCY, CAPTAIN CARLSEN AND CAPTAIN CARLSEN'S FATHER; (4) ON HIS WAY TO THE CIVIC RECEPTION: CAPTAIN CARLSEN ACCLAIMED BY THE PEOPLE OF FALMOUTH; (5) A LIFEBOAT FROM THE FLYING ENTERPRISE WASHED ASHORE ON THE COAST OF BRITTANY.

FALMOUTH'S WELCOME TO CAPTAIN CARLSEN AND OTHER PARTICIPANTS IN THE DRAMA OF THE FLYING ENTERPRISE.

On other pages in this issue we describe Captain Kurt Carlsen's ordeal aboard his ship the *Flying Enterprise*, which was shared in the later stages by Mr. Kenneth Dancy, mate of the salvage tug *Turmoil*. After the *Flying Enterprise* had sunk both were brought to Falmouth in the *Turmoil*, and on January 11 stepped ashore at the Prince of Wales pier, to receive a tremendous welcome from the people of the town. They were met by the Mayor, Captain Carlsen's parents, Mr. Dancy's mother and young brother,

and Captain Parker's wife and daughter. Captain Carlsen spoke to the assembled crowd through microphones and then went in procession to the Municipal buildings for the civic reception, being cheered along the route by hundreds of people all anxious to see the man who had so gallantly stayed by his ship to the end. In the morning Captain Carlsen had received a telegram from Lloyd's informing him that he had been awarded Lloyd's silver medal for meritorious services.

"THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM": SOME PLANT-LIKE FISHES.



(ABOVE.) IN A LEAF-LIKE BUT VERY UNFISH-LIKE POSITION: A YOUNG TRIPLE-TAIL (LEFT AND RIGHT) SEEN IN AN AQUARIUM WITH FLOATING MANGROVE LEAVES. THIS FISH HAS A SLOW MOVEMENT RESEMBLING THE DRIFTING OF A LEAF.

(Photographs by C. M. Breder, Jr.)

MANY fishes have a chameleon-like power of changing colour, so as to harmonise with their surroundings, and thereby escape easy detection by their foes. But some fishes practise a different form of deception—they not only look like plants but frequently act like them, so that they are not easily recognised even by ichthyologists. An interesting article about these fish appeared in a recent issue of "Animal

[Continued opposite,

(RIGHT.) ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR AND FANTASTIC OF PLANT-LIKE FISHES: A LEAFY SEA-DRAGON FROM SOUTHERN AUSTRALIA WHICH HAS A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO SEAWEED.

(Photograph by H. M. Hale.)



[Continued.]

Kingdom," the magazine of the New York Zoological Society. The writer, Mr. James W. Atz, Assistant Curator of the Aquarium, describes a number of these strange "plant-mimicking" fishes. He says that perhaps the best-known example of a fish looking like vegetation is the Leaf-fish (*Monacirrhus polyacanthus*) from the fresh waters of northern South America. These fish are so leaf-like that visitors to the Aquarium never seem convinced that they are alive and insist on tapping on the glass in an effort to make them move. The photograph of the Pipe-fish by Dr. D. P. Wilson, of the Laboratory, Plymouth, shows Snake Pipe-fish (*Entelurus æquoreus*), found in waters along the coasts of Europe, hidden in a bunch of eel grass, holding their slender bodies upright and swaying with the movement of the leaves.



(ABOVE.) FLOATING HEAD DOWNWARD AND MOTIONLESS: LEAF-FISH THAT LOOK INANIMATE AND LEAF-LIKE AND HAVE THE COLORATION OF DEAD LEAVES.

(LEFT.) HIDING IN A BUNCH OF EEL GRASS (*ZOSTERA*): SEVERAL SNAKE PIPE-FISH (*ENTELURUS ÆQUOREUS*) HOLDING THEIR SLENDER BODIES UPRIGHT AND SWAYING WITH THE LEAVES.

(Photograph by Dr. D. P. Wilson.)

AN EXAMPLE OF CAMOUFLAGE "PAR EXCELLENCE": THE SARGASSUM FISH.

FOR years zoologists have been trying to find an answer to the question of how some fishes have become plant-like in their appearance. Mr. James Atz, Assistant Curator of the Aquarium of the New York Zoological Society, discusses, in a recent article in "Animal Kingdom," the various theories held by biologists to explain the function of this apparent masquerading as vegetation. He says that "the fantastic shapes and forms assumed by some of these fishes are incredibly complicated and seem to represent the end-result of a process that operates down to the finest detail. Take the Sargassum Fish

[Continued opposite.

(RIGHT.) MERGING PERFECTLY WITH THE SEAWEED IN WHICH IT USUALLY OCCURS: A SARGASSUM FISH (*Histrio gibba*), SHOWING ITS RAGGED OUTLINE AND MOTTLED COLOURING WHICH BLENDS SO WELL WITH THE SARGASSUM WEED.



[Continued] (*Histrio gibba*), for instance. Its whole body is irregularly decorated with tabs of flesh, and its fins, especially the first few rays of the dorsal one, also serve to break up the outline of its body and make it blend into the Sargassum weed that is its home." Dr. Charles M. Breder, Jr., who studied a young Tripletail (*Lobotes surinamensis*), says that when mangrove leaves were tossed into the aquarium it immediately moved towards them and "literally 'schooled' with the leaves." The Leafy Sea-dragon (*Phycodurus eques*), a relative of the sea-horses and pipe-fishes, is the most bizarre-looking of plant-like fishes. It is known from only a few specimens taken off Southern Australia—in fact, only two really good examples have been received by the South Australian Museum during the past thirty years.



PUZZLE—FIND THE FISH: A SARGASSUM FISH HIDING IN A CLUMP OF SARGASSUM WEED, WHICH IS ITS USUAL HABITAT.

WAGNER THE MAN—AS REVEALED IN LETTERS.

"LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER": The Burrell Collection. Presented to the Curtis Institute of Music by its Founder, Mrs. Efreim Zimbalist. Edited, with notes, by JOHN N. BURK.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS vast collection of Wagner's letters has an unusual dedication, written by Mrs. Mary Curtis Zimbalist. It takes the form of a letter, and runs:

MY DEAR MRS. BURRELL,

It is one of the deep satisfactions of my life that it was possible, some nineteen years ago, to acquire the Collection of Wagneriana that so justly bears your name.

Your indefatigable labour in searching, finding and salvaging this treasure, and the altruism of your aim in

she remained throughout her life ready to believe the worst of Frau Cosima." She collected an immense amount of material, musical and literary manuscripts, birth and marriage certificates as well as letters: the biggest hoard she acquired came from Natalie Bilz-Planer, supposedly the sister, but really the illegitimate daughter of Minna, Wagner's first wife. Natalie, then an old lady living in an almshouse and detesting Cosima, parted with her inherited papers, including 128 letters from Wagner to Minna, when she found Mrs. Burrell shared her hostility to Bayreuth. She also obtained, from the printer's widow, a copy of the first private, and suppressed, edition of "My Life," which book did not appear until many years later. This book shocked her. She had idealised Wagner as a glorious crusader; she came to the conclusion that somebody (i.e. Cosima) must have forced him to write "the miserable book." Had Mrs. Burrell lived to see the published version she must have concluded that it was truly Wagner's: "the Archegotist need not have been 'set to work' to talk to the world about so absorbing a topic as himself, nor would he have subjected himself to petticoat control on so important a subject." The collection, incidentally, is mostly from the pre-Cosima era.

Mrs. Burrell's "Life" was never written; had she lived she must have revised her views. She brought Wagner's life up to his twenty-first year, very elaborately; and her heirs published the fragment in German and in an elephantine form. Here her materials are translated into English, and even here their bulk has necessitated pruning. This may be regretted by the host of new biographers who will probably be encouraged to appear by the unveiling of so much "new" treasure; but they can see the originals if they wish to. For the ordinary reader, even the reader who has not hitherto been bored by the performances and the volubility of Wagner and his worshippers, there will certainly be enough. One must admire the thoroughness of an editor who has felt obliged to indicate the nature of and summarise even the most trivial of the items in the collection; but the account, with extracts of the diary of a governess in Wagner's household, must have been a dullish task.

This is the way of it: "Further members of the household were the Spitz dog Putzi and the Newfoundland dogs Branke and Marke, the children's pets. Branke was a female dog, her name evidently derived from Brangäne. Despite his name of tragic import, Marke was rather young and merry. Eva said of him, 'He laughs all

over his face.' The neighbours were afraid of them. One Sunday in February, 1876, when the Wagners were in Berlin, they embarrassed Susanne Weinert very much. According to the wish expressed by Richard and Cosima, the dogs were accompanying her and the children on a walk. Suddenly Marke, 'the black monster,' seized a farmer's hen and killed it. After this the Bayreuthers demonstrated against Richard Wagner's wild dogs. One of the crowd cried, 'What would happen to one of us, if he tried to let



"HIS FIRST LOVE WAS A TEMPEST, THE LIKE OF WHICH WAS NEVER AGAIN TO OCCUR IN THAT STORM CENTRE WHICH WAS WAGNER'S HEART": WAGNER'S FIRST WIFE, MINNA.

On November 24, 1836, Richard Wagner married Minna Planer, an actress, the third daughter of the "Mechanicus" Gottlieb Planer, of Dresden. "Wagner was acutely aware that he was frittering away his life by tying it to the fortunes of an itinerant actress. Minna was equally aware that Wagner was unreasonably proprietary, stormily jealous, subject to depression, and down on his luck." Wagner and Minna parted in 1861, and Minna died in 1865.

so doing, had made an ineradicable impression upon me—as had the tragic fact of your death before your contemplated "Life of Richard Wagner" could be completed.

Over a period of years this material has been sorted and edited, and it is now presented in book form.

Time and space have little to do with the meeting of kindred spirits. Although we never met, I reach out my hand to you. It bears this book—compiled in homage to you.

Mrs. Burrell died in 1898. But it is never too late to pay a tribute.

The Burrell collection consisted of over 800 items, mainly letters, and, except for a very few which have "escaped into print," they appear here for the first time. Its origin is odd. "Many years ago, while Wagner was still alive, a lady in England conceived an enormous admiration for his works. She was the wife of the Honourable Willoughby Burrell and the daughter of Sir John Banks, K.C.B., a prominent physicist of Trinity College, Dublin. As time went on, Mary Burrell ceased to be content with haunting Bayreuth and other operatic centres of Europe, applauding performances of the *Ring* or *Tristan*. She possessed, as well as a fund of romantic idealism, a sense of a wrong to be righted and a British passion for the truth at all costs. She undertook to comb the Continent for material and write the biography that would tell all."

She had tremendous pertinacity and plenty of money, and comb the Continent she did. "What she wanted was to find matter that had been mis-stated or remained unknown (or had been kept unknown), and to order and publish it in the necessary narrative form. Least of all did she trust the collections of letters that came forth with the sanction of Wagner's widow: it must be said at once that

"Letters of Richard Wagner": The Burrell Collection. Presented to the Curtis Institute of Music by its Founder, Mrs. Efreim Zimbalist. Edited, with notes, by John N. Burk. (Gollancz; 22s.)



"ARTISTIC SYMPATHY DREW THEM TOGETHER AND THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF OTHERS INVOLVED SOON TORE THEM APART": WAGNER'S GREAT FRIEND, MATHILDE WESENDONCK.

From a painting by Donner.

such beasts run around without muzzles! The daily meals in Wagner's household were rather frugal. Thanks to Susanne Weinert, history knows that on September 2, 1875, the Wagners had 'veal steak and macaroni for supper.' "I know that we all regret that we know so little about Shakespeare, and that the "Lives" of him are tissues of "no doubts" and "probabilities." But I don't think we should feel ourselves drawn much closer to him were some enthusiastic scholar to emerge from the Record Office brandishing a document that Shakespeare and Anne his wife, on September 2, 1590, had steak-and-kidney pudding for supper.

The Wagner in these "new" letters is the familiar Wagner with all his gush, enthusiasm, impressionability, and concentration on his music and the progress of "number one." What "new facts" of importance are here revealed could be explained only by somebody well acquainted with the vast literature by and about him already published: Mr. Ernest Newman, for example, will find plenty to get his vigorous teeth into. Those interested in the composer's amours will, for instance, find a great deal of novel information about the affair with Jessie Laussot, an Englishwoman née Jessie Taylor. The indefatigable Mrs. Burrell even ran her to earth and got papers from her, some years after Wagner's death, and nearly forty after that characteristic episode.

For myself, I must frankly confess that I don't want to read another work about Wagner's personal life, apart from his music, for the rest of my life. If some new enquirer were to discover that he contracted three "unknown marriages" and killed his man in a duel over a Bosnian prima donna I should fail to shudder with excitement. "Lives of great men all remind us"—of this, that and the other, doubtless. But one doesn't want the life of a single one of them to block the outlook like a Matterhorn.

However, Wagner would never think he had got more than his due.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 109 of this issue.



WAGNER'S SECOND WIFE: COSIMA WAGNER.

(From the painting made in 1878 by Franz von Lenbach.)

In 1870 Wagner married as his second wife, Liszt's daughter Cosima, who had previously been the wife of von Bülow. Cosima died in 1930. The extracts from the Burrell Collection just published not only amplify our knowledge of Wagner, but now "the reader may at last, instead of relying upon the haphazard suppositions of others, see for himself exactly how Cosima went about her editing (of Wagner's documents, letters, etc.) and the precise degree of her guilt."

PRINCESS MARGARET'S SCOTTISH VISIT; AND HER RETURN TO ENGLAND.



LEAVING THE AULD KIRK, GREENLAW, AFTER ATTENDING MORNING SERVICE: PRINCESS MARGARET, WITH THE EARL OF DALKEITH BEHIND HER (CENTRE).



AT A MEET OF THE BUCCLEUCH FOXHOUNDS AT HUME: PRINCESS MARGARET AMONG THE HOUNDS WITH THE EARL OF DALKEITH, SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.



WELL MUFFLED UP AGAINST THE COLD: PRINCESS MARGARET AT A MEET OF THE BUCCLEUCH AT ST. BOSWELLS' GREEN. THE EARL OF DALKEITH IS SHOWN MOUNTED.

Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret concluded her short holiday in Scotland on Friday, January 11, when she left Melrose by train, arriving in London on January 12 *en route* to join their Majesties and Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at Sandringham. She went north on January 3 by train, and arrived on January 4 to stay for the week-end with Captain and Mrs. J. F. B. McEwen at Marchmont House and to attend the Berwickshire Hunt Ball. On January 8



AFTER ARRIVING IN LONDON ON JANUARY 12 AT THE CLOSE OF HER SCOTTISH VISIT: PRINCESS MARGARET TAKING A QUICK LOOK IN THE MIRROR BEFORE LEAVING HER CAR.

she motored from Marchmont to Bowhill, where she stayed as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. The wintry weather did not deter her Royal Highness from attending two meets of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds, and she presented the prizes at the Hunt's children's fancy-dress party. She also visited Mertoun, home of the Earl of Ellesmere, and Bemersyde, Earl Haig's seat. The Earl of Dalkeith drove her to the station to catch the train south.

HOME AFFAIRS: REBUILDING IN LONDON, AND A DISASTER.



(ABOVE.) BEING PHOTOGRAPHED FOR A TELEVISION FEATURE TO BE BROADCAST ON FEB. 1, ST. BRIGID'S DAY: THE RUINED CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE, IN FLEET STREET, LONDON.

The bombed Church of St. Bride, in Fleet Street, the subject of an appeal for £210,000 for rebuilding, is to appear in a television programme on February 1, the Feast of St. Brigid, or St. Bride. The rebuilding is expected to begin in 1953, and will take about three years.

(RIGHT.) THE FIRST AER LINGUS AIR CRASH: WRECKAGE OF THE *Dakota* WHICH CRASHED IN SNOWDONIA ON JANUARY 10 WITH THE LOSS OF TWENTY-THREE LIVES.

On January 10 a *Dakota* of Aer Lingus, the Irish State air line which had not had a crash before in its fifteen years, flying from Northolt to Dublin, crashed on the slopes of Moel Slabod, in Snowdonia, during a gale and rain-storm. Rescuers climbed the mountainside, but found that the aircraft

[Continued opposite.



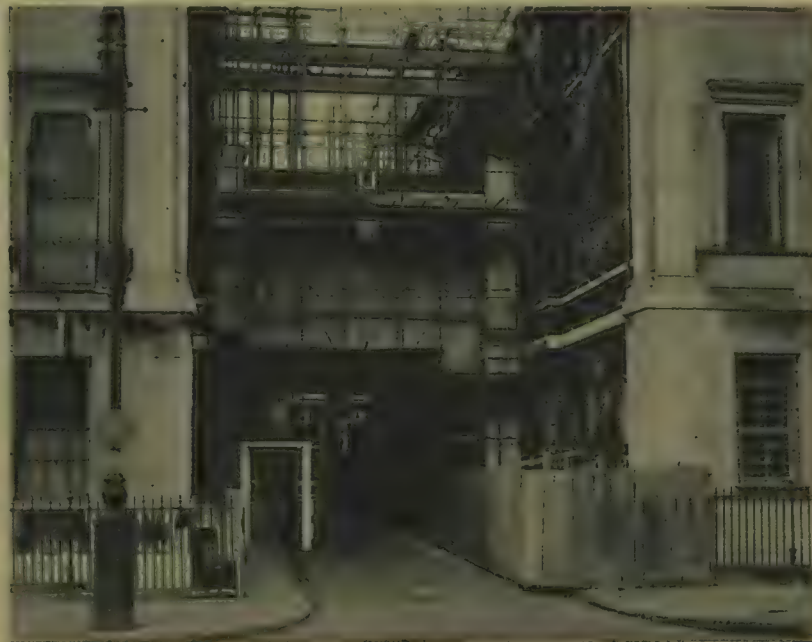
WHERE WREN'S SPIRE WILL BE REPLACED IN THE SPRING: THE TOWER OF ST. DUNSTON-IN-THE-EAST IN SCAFFOLDING.

The spire of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, one of the City churches built by Wren, is to rise again in the spring. Masons are working on it in the ruined nave of the church, where it is lying in numbered pieces. The Church was bombed in 1940 and only the external walls are still standing.

[Continued.] had nose-dived into a bog and had almost buried itself. Twenty passengers and the crew of three were killed. On the following day twelve bodies were recovered from the wreckage, but it was reported that no trace could be found of the eleven other bodies. Among those who visited the scene of the crash were Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Home Secretary and Minister for Welsh Affairs, and Sir Frank Newsam, Permanent Under Secretary of State, Home Office.

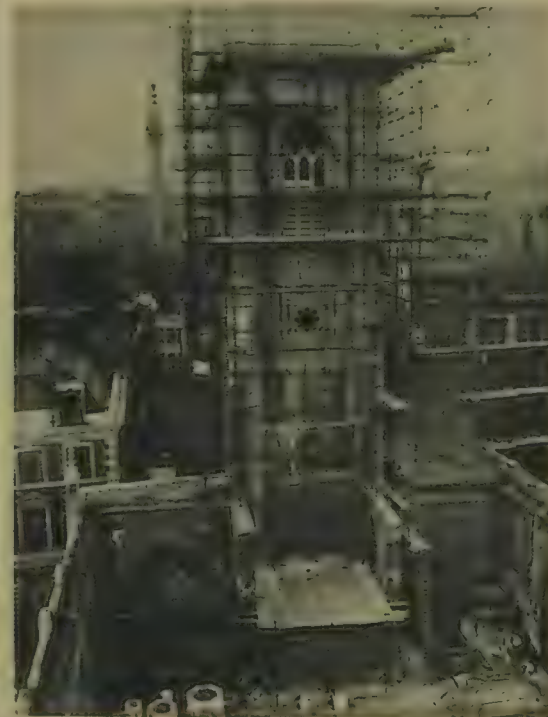


NOW IN PROCESS OF RESTORATION: PALLADIAN BUILDINGS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF CAVENDISH SQUARE, ALL THAT THE DUKE OF CHANDOS BUILT OF THE HOUSE DESIGNED FOR HIM IN 1720.



TO CARRY A SCULPTURE OF THE MADONNA BY EPSTEIN IN THE WALL: THE BRIDGE DESIGNED BY MR. LOUIS OSMAN TO UNITE THE BOMB-DAMAGED PALLADIAN BUILDINGS. The twin Palladian buildings in Cavendish Square suffered bomb damage and are now being restored by the Convent which owns them. They will be united by a bridge across the entrance to Dean's Mews, which divides them, and this will bear in the wall centre, a Madonna by Epstein.

AN AIR CRASH IN SNOWDONIA; AND LONDON NEWS ITEMS.





AGROUND UNDER THE SOUTH FORELAND CLIFFS BETWEEN ST. MARGARET'S BAY AND DOVER: THE PANAMANIAN OIL TANKER *SOVAC RADIANT*, 17,598 TONS, WHICH WAS REFLOATED BY SIX TUGS ON JANUARY 14: A VIEW SHOWING THE DOVER LIFEBOAT STANDING BY TO TAKE OFF THE CREW IF NECESSARY.



AGROUND AND BROKEN IN TWO ON THE GOODWINS: THE FRENCH STEAMER *AGEN*, WHOSE CREW WERE TAKEN OFF BY THE WALMER LIFEBOAT, WHICH RETURNED TO THE WRECK AND PERSUADED HER MASTER, CAPTAIN MAURICE LANDREAU, WHO HAD REMAINED ABOARD, TO LEAVE HIS SHIP BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE.

VICTIMS OF A CHANNEL GALE: TWO SHIPS AGROUND OFF THE BRITISH COAST ON JANUARY 14.

On the night of January 13-14, two ships went aground in one of the wildest nights of the winter. The Panamanian oil tanker *Sovac Radiant* ran ashore at the foot of the South Foreland cliffs and, with waves breaking over her, was thought to have broken her back. The Dover lifeboat stood by and coastguards took life-saving equipment to the scene. The ship was, however, refloated by six tugs on January 14. The French railway steamer *Agen*, bound

for Rotterdam from Dakar, went aground on the Goodwins, and Walmer lifeboat went to her assistance. The vessel broke in two and the crew of thirty-seven were taken off by the lifeboat, but her master, Captain Maurice Landreau, refused to leave. The lifeboat returned and her crew persuaded him to leave his doomed ship before it was too late. The crew of the wrecked ship, who had spent the night on board, were suffering from exposure.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITISH YOUTH UNDER THE LENS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

YOUNG people, boys and girls or young men and women, have been discussed and criticised by their elders at all times. The average observer probably feels, however, that at no time has youth in this country received more attention than it is getting to-day. Youth has become "news" in the Press. We hear a great deal about delinquency, about aimlessness and lack of responsibility, about absence of initiative. It is clear, on the other hand, that in sections of youth, plenty of initiative exists. There is no shortage of aircraft pilots and stewardesses. Schoolboys want to explore Greenland; schoolgirls and schoolboys have to be warned against amazing recklessness in mountaineering, hill-climbing and boat-sailing. Some small and risky professions, like that of the steeplechase jockey, are notoriously overcrowded. At the same time, it is hardly likely that the general impression of a great mass of young people getting through education and starting work with eyes fixed on the easiest solutions and the softest options is wholly incorrect. And this applies only to the aims of the relatively orderly and law-abiding. Those of the young who cannot be so described are not merely discouraging but frightening. One youth recently expressed them as "to be a real spiv in real spiv's clothes."

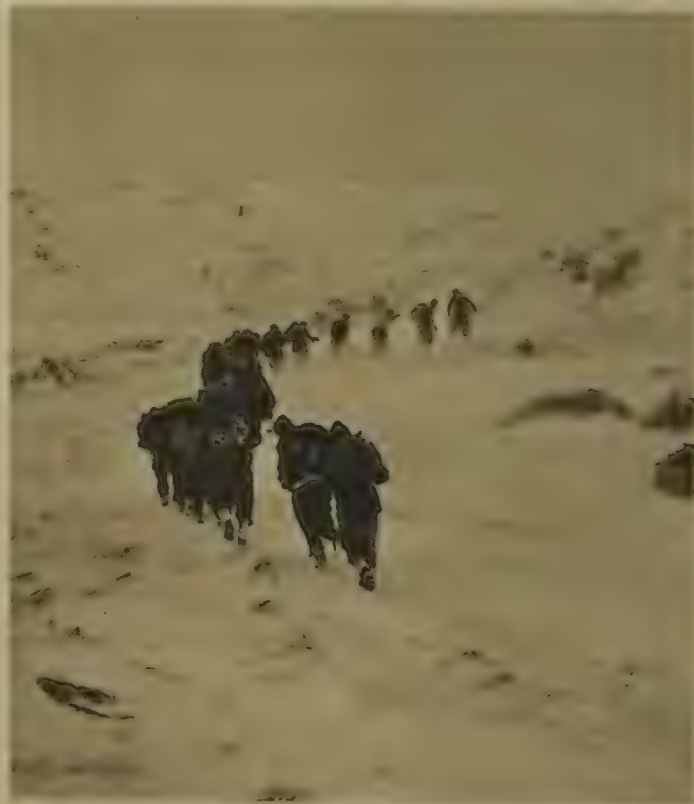
It seems to me that the idea of a community assessing youth is founded on a fallacy. It is not a case of estimating the development of something outside the community, like the various breeds of horses. Youth is an integral part of the community and a very large part of it at that. Such maladies as it is subjected to are maladies of the community. For its weaknesses or sins the community is responsible. They must be due to certain factors in which the community is remiss or a failure altogether: in slack parental control and example, indifferent education, bad housing, degraded public spirit and morals, lack of opportunity for healthy recreation, unworthy and shoddy forms of entertainment. Some of these evils certainly exist; the only doubt concerns the weight of their influence and the proportion which has to be attributed to each. The community which judges its youth judges itself. It is also well to bear in mind the fact that increased knowledge of evils does not necessarily imply that the evils have increased. Social study is relatively new and the science of statistics has advanced. Thus we see delinquency, amusements, choice of trades, and the like, more clearly in our own time than the best historian can depict them in older times.

I have said that the subject is one of continual interest nowadays, yet the intensity of that interest naturally varies. It has recently been given a spurt by the publication of a study entitled "The Young Wage Earner," the scene of which is Glasgow. This is a praiseworthy work, which supplies much useful, if depressing, detail; but I do not suppose that the contributors would claim that the general picture which it draws was a new one, or that great numbers of thoughtful people were not already aware of the unsettlement and lack of direction of present-day working-class boys seeking or taking up their first jobs in life. Though some of its implications remain doubtful, it clarifies the problem a little further. It arouses questions such as: Why are these things as they are? Are the fairly numerous organisations concerned with the welfare of youth getting adequate returns for their energy and expenditure or failing for lack of the best leadership? Is yet more "research" needed and likely to provide us with information which is in fact already available? Regarding this last, it is to be noted that the aims of a research committee of King George's Jubilee Trust were set out in a recent letter to *The Times*.

On the subject of leadership, I have for long felt that the past can never be fully recovered. Modern taxation has killed it, like a great deal else in our civilisation. I can remember when many men and women of the highest character, attainments and drive devoted almost their whole lives to the service of youth as volunteers. Their sons and daughters are now nearly all working long hours to keep themselves housed and fed. Voluntary effort can only be a part-time effort at best, and death duties will further reduce what surtax has left. There, indeed, need for better organisation may arise and might give unexpectedly good results, just as some factories and business firms found, when short of whole-time staff, that with care and thought the efficiency of part-time staff could be increased to a surprising extent. Professional work in this field is, of course, necessary, but some of the professional workers have hitherto not reached a sufficiently high grade. Personally, I look with the gravest suspicion on Government inquiries, which generally produce reports destined for the dustbin—occasionally meriting no other receptacle—but I do feel that there is need for some investigation here.

It is in the home that most lives are formed, well or badly. There we know that there has been a decline in religious idealism and are extremely doubtful whether any other form of idealism has replaced it.

We suspect that even in honest homes there has arisen greater tolerance of shady practices. No question exists about the loosening of control. So the young people go out into the streets unfortified by discipline from without or from within. The cinema has taken the place of the church and teaches some very strange doctrine. I confess that I read about films more often than I look at them, because I find the critics more interesting than the writers—and, anyhow, the former take up less of my time—so that I may not be an authority in the matter. It does appear to me, however, that, apart from "gangster"



"... IN SECTIONS OF YOUTH PLenty OF INITIATIVE EXISTS": A PARTY OF BOY SCOUTS CLIMBING TO THE SUMMIT OF THE CARNEDDS IN BLINDING SLEET, WHERE THEY SPENT THE NIGHT IN ARCTIC TENTS.



"IN A BITTERLY COLD WIND AND BLIZZARD, WITH THE BOYS SOMETIMES UNABLE TO OPEN THEIR EYES IN THE FACE OF THE SLEET, IT REQUIRED A HIGH MENTAL AND PHYSICAL STANDARD": A PARTY OF BOY SCOUTS PITCHING CAMP ON THE CARNEDDS AT AN ALTITUDE OF OVER 3000 FT.

In a week when Captain Falls has chosen to place British youth under the lens and does not appear to like what he sees, a party of fifty-four Boy Scouts from many parts of Britain have completed an expedition to two of the highest peaks in Wales—an expedition designed to give education in adventure. One party went from their base at the Boy Scouts Association camp at Brynbach, near Denbigh, to the summit of Carnedd Llewelyn, 3842 ft., where they spent the night in tents under Arctic conditions. The organiser paid tribute to the boys' high mental and physical standard, and said that the weather was as cold as he had known on British mountains.

and other brutal films, the cinema tends to suggest a too-easy surrender to fate and circumstances. If you are bad, you are bad. You cannot fight against love. You will be pardoned for ruthlessness and dishonesty if you suddenly experience pity for a blind girl or a sick puppy. And all this is presented with such skill and bravura that it makes the appeals to the "old-fashioned" virtues and ideals look dull and feeble by comparison. They are not snappy enough.

In some respects laudable efforts to improve the health of the people and relieve them of anxiety may have contributed to a lack of enterprise, to the creation of a community which in general waits to be told what to do, waits to be put into jobs, to be looked after. After the manoeuvres in Germany last autumn,

Field Marshal Sir William Slim fluttered a dove-cote or two by remarking that, whatever were the benefits of the Welfare State, it did not help to make self-reliant young soldiers. The combination of the Welfare State, the all-controlling State, and the all-taxing State, exercises an unfortunate influence, because it simultaneously deprives the young in mass of leadership and of the best kind of initiative.

Levelling may be a good principle, but the sort prevalent here is too often levelling down. At the same time, there is a lack of incentive, itself an incentive to shirking, when the man or woman who dodges work and cuts time receives the same reward as the enthusiast. The young person beginning work in this atmosphere is likely to lose his enthusiasm, supposing that he had it to begin with.

The fighting forces have shown that young British human material is as good as ever, though a great deal of it comes to them in unpromising shape. The campaign in Korea has provided pretty conclusive evidence that the young non-commissioned officers of the British Army are about the best in the world to-day. (But how much sweat has gone into their making and how long it was after the demobilisation of the wartime Army before we appeared to be making any progress at all!) The fighting forces cannot, however, work miracles. They take in the whole youth of the nation, and thus get their share of the delinquents and potential criminals. Inevitably, too, the "bad hats" tend to congregate, forming ugly little cells and thrashing out in consultation their schemes for living on the country when their service with the colours is over. It must be owned that a good proportion of the crimes, including crimes of violence, of the last few years stand to the discredit of former soldiers, sailors and airmen. On the whole, the effects of universal service, physically and morally, have been good, and it must be borne in mind that in older times only a very small proportion indeed of men passing through the ranks seemed the better for it on entering civil life. A large number were ruined.

The war, with its interruption of education and splitting-up of families, had a bad effect on the character and outlook of the young, but it did not bring about the second weakness which has been my theme to-day, lack of individuality or self-reliance—after all, the bag-snatcher or housebreaker may be highly enterprising. The sameness, the cult of "the likes of us," the grinding-down of the middle classes, who all through the nineteenth century had set British standards, just as the aristocracy had in the eighteenth; all these had begun to make their appearance long before 1939. Economic and social conditions since the war have only hastened the spread of these characteristics, but they have done this with a vengeance. I set out at the beginning of this article some of the defects in a community which can prejudice the development of its youth, but I sometimes think that the defects in leadership may be the most serious of all. Some may question my view that it has, in fact, deteriorated, but I have found a great deal of support for this among sober and observant people. Assuming that ground has been lost, what are the chances of regaining it?

One of the most likely means would be the removal of the petty frustrations and childish interference to which those who wish to live perfectly normal lives are constantly subjected by a swarming bureaucracy. We are run in a way which would have prevented half the adventurous spirits of our adventurous history from winning the successes which stimulated the whole country as well as establishing themselves, and which in the great ages, like the Elizabethan and the Victorian, furnished the ideals in the eyes of youth. I often hear it said that the recent developments of State control and supervision are inevitable and have come to stay. That again I consider to be defeatism, a too-ready surrender to a supposed destiny. I trust that this determinism will prove to be bogus and that we shall struggle against it. If not, I see only two alternatives, a gradual decline to insignificance or an increasingly close imitation of the methods of the Communist State. We profess to dislike them, but we have approached them more nearly than we realise. I believe there is still time to turn back, but the decision does not rest with politicians, still less with professors, except in so far as they can appeal to

the people as a whole. Politicians and professors may influence the people, but they then take their orders from them.

"THE LAST STAND OF THE GLOUCESTERS"—A CORRECTION.

In the reconstruction drawing of the last stand of the Gloucesters by Captain Bryan de Grineau which appeared in our issue of January 5, we described two R.A. officers (Major Ward and Captain Washbrook) as being of the 170th Independent Mortar Battery. We gladly publish the correction that these officers in fact belonged to the 45th Field Regiment, R.A., the only officer of the 170th Independent Mortar Battery who was present at the last stand (it is believed) being Captain F. R. Wisbey, M.C., R.A., who is not identified in the drawing.

THE SECOND "BATTLE" OF TEL-EL-KEBIR: SCENES IN THE AREA, AND A WAR SKETCH OF 1882.



ON THE ROAD FROM ISMAILIA TO TEL-EL-KEBIR: A BRITISH ARMY JEEP PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE. THE OCCUPANTS ON THE ALERT FOR SNIPERS.



COVERING A ROAD BLOCK AT TEL-EL-KEBIR, WHERE EGYPTIAN BUSES AND OTHER VEHICLES ARE SEARCHED FOR ARMS: A BRITISH BREN-GUN POST.



SEARCHING A BUS-LOAD OF EGYPTIANS FOR CONCEALED ARMS: MEN OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT A ROAD BLOCK OUTSIDE TEL-EL-KEBIR, SCENE OF A RECENT "BATTLE."



SOME OF THE DEFENCES OF THE BRITISH ARMY'S TEL-EL-KEBIR DEPÔT: A SEARCHLIGHT AND MACHINE-GUN POST, WITH AN ARMoured CAR READY FOR ACTION IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13, 1882: A SKETCH SHOWING THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY ATTACKING AHMED ARABI'S EGYPTIAN FORCES. THE DEFEAT INFLICTED BY SIR GARNET WOLSELEY LED TO THE RETURN OF THE KHEWIVE TO CAIRO FROM ALEXANDRIA. (From "The Illustrated London News," October 14, 1882)

Sniping has been particularly rife along the route from Ismailia to Tel-el-Kebir since the deterioration of Anglo-Egyptian relations, but the first full-scale operation by terrorists did not take place until January 12, when a force stated to consist of 100 Egyptians engaged in a day-long "battle" with British troops in the Tel-el-Kebir area, during which a sergeant of the Coldstream Guards was killed and two men of the Cameron Highlanders were wounded. The terrorists are believed to have lost twelve killed and about fifteen wounded, and forty-one prisoners were taken. Fighting broke out on the perimeter of the enormous

Tel-el-Kebir military depôt, which is protected by mine-fields and searchlights, and soon involved the village of el Hammada and that of Tel-el-Kebir. British troops used a troop of Cromwell tanks to provide covering fire with machine-guns, and 3-in. mortars were also employed. On January 14 Egyptian terrorists ambushed a patrol of the Cameron Highlanders in the area and killed an officer and a private, and there was fighting at night in Ismailia. It is interesting to recall that the British won a decisive battle at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882 against Egyptian insurgents.

LAYING A POWER LINE BY HELICOPTER.



CATCHING THE WEIGHTED SOCK SWINGING ON THE END OF THE ROPE FROM THE HELICOPTER: ENGINEERING WORKERS STANDING ON PLANKS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO TWIN POLES.

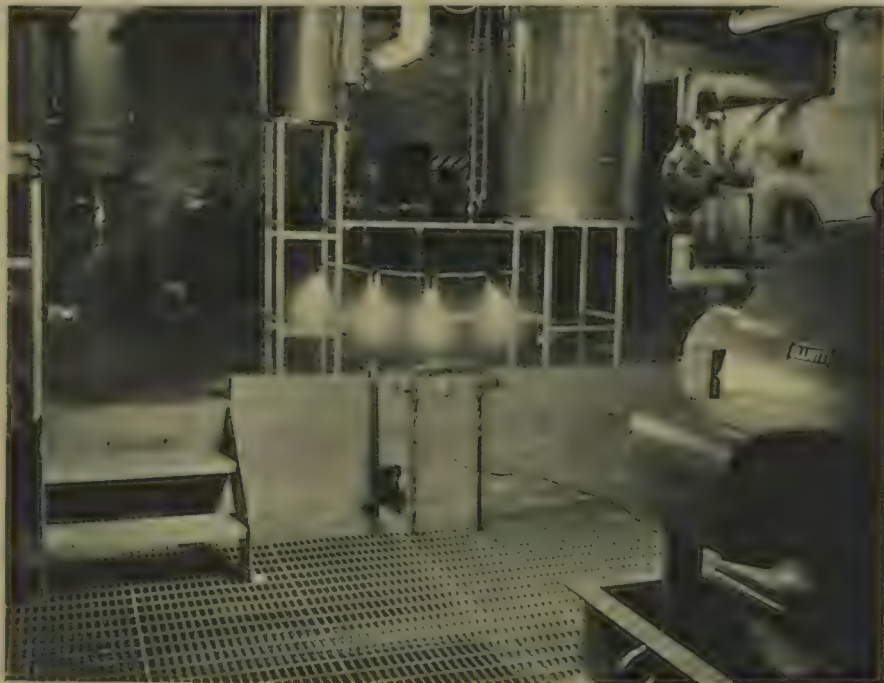


FLYING LOW ABOVE THE TWIN POLES ON WHICH MEN WERE PERCHED TO CATCH THE ROPE AS IT RAN FROM A SPINNING DRUM: THE HELICOPTER WHICH MADE BRITISH ENGINEERING HISTORY BY LAYING A CABLE TO SUPPLY ADDITIONAL POWER FOR HEREFORDSHIRE.

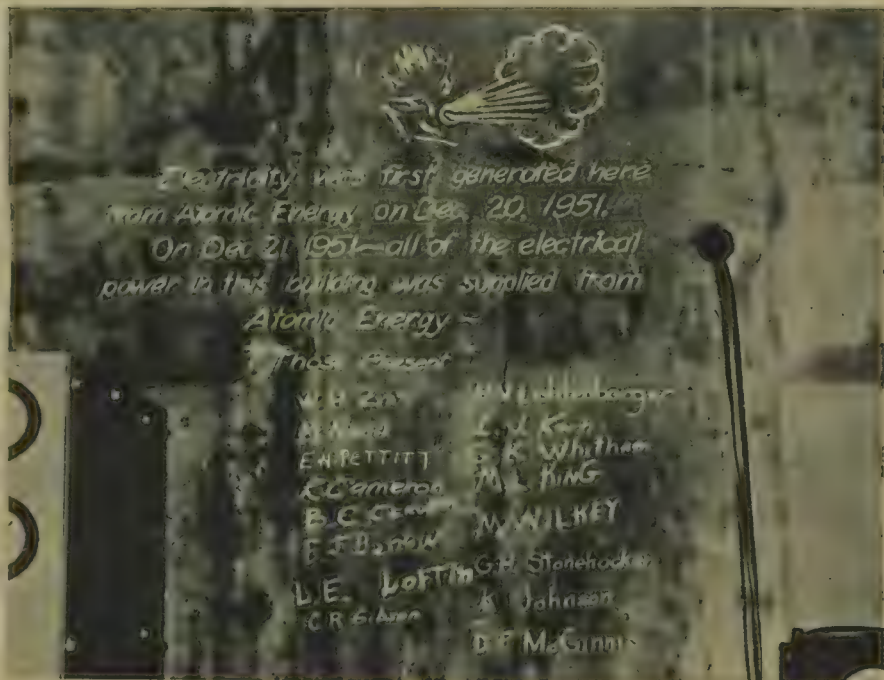
A helicopter was used on January 8 for laying overhead electric power cables. The Midlands Electricity Board decided to make the experiment of trying this technique, new to Britain, in order to avoid disfiguring the woods by tree-felling. Piloted by Mr. J. Harper, of Pest Control, Ltd., the helicopter made a dummy run over the 1280-ft.-long route. On the first attempt proper, engineering workers at one end of the route failed to catch the weighted sock swinging at the rope's end, and the pilot had to make a fresh start. The second attempt succeeded, the pole-men at each point seizing the rope, and the run took less than two minutes. The technique is to use the rope to pull across the valley a light steel cable. This in turn pulls across one of the steel cored aluminium line conductors with a cord to pull back the steel wire so that it can be used again for pulling the two remaining conductors across. A motorised winch is necessary for these operations.

ELECTRICITY FROM ATOMIC ENERGY.

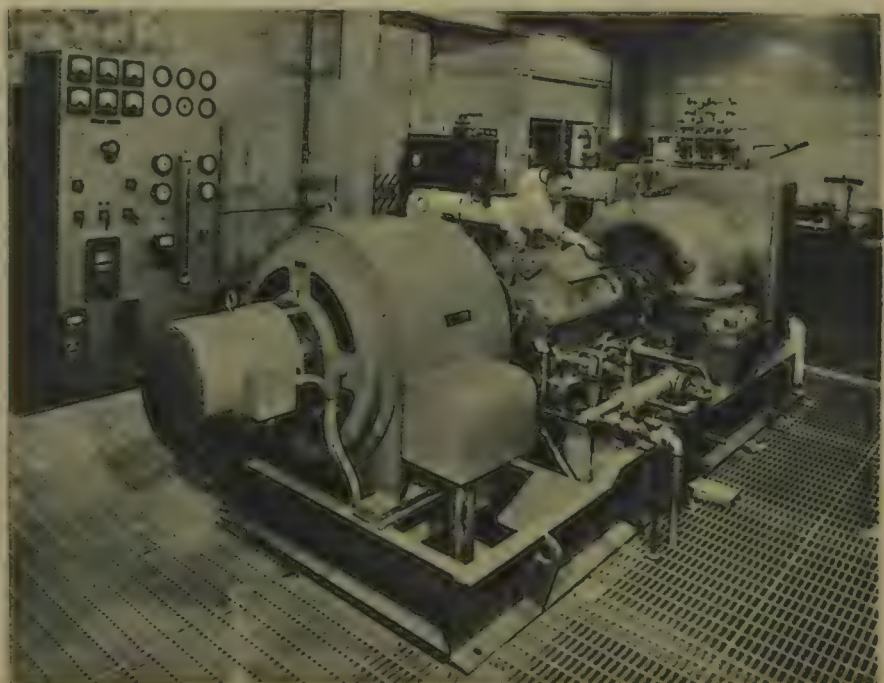
Atomic energy will, it is believed, eventually be used to light and heat the world and add to the amenities of life. On November 19, it was announced that Bepo, the large experimental atom pile at Harwell, was supplying heat to offices there. On December 20, electricity was generated from atomic energy at the Atomic Energy Commission's National Reactor Testing station at Arco, Idaho, U.S.A., and on December 21, all electric power in the Experimental Reactor Building was supplied by atomic power. Electricity was generated at the rate of 100 kilowatts, and though the power generated was small and uneconomical, the experiment provided valuable information in connection with the eventual use of atomic energy for power. The Experimental Breeder Reactor, whose main purpose is to provide data on the possibility of creating new nuclear fuel by breeding, was used to furnish the power to the turbine and generator.



THE FIRST ELECTRIC-LIGHT BULBS TO BE LIT BY ELECTRICITY GENERATED BY ATOMIC ENERGY: A DEMONSTRATION AT THE A.E.C. NATIONAL REACTOR TESTING STATION, ARCO, U.S.A.



RECORDING THE FIRST KNOWN PRODUCTION OF USEFUL ELECTRIC POWER FROM ATOMIC ENERGY: AN INSCRIPTION ON A WALL OF THE EXPERIMENTAL REACTOR BUILDING.



OPERATING ON HEAT FROM THE EXPERIMENTAL BREEDER REACTOR: THE TURBINE AND GENERATOR WHICH ON DECEMBER 20 PRODUCED THE FIRST KNOWN USEFUL ELECTRICITY FROM ATOMIC ENERGY.



DESTROYED IN A CRASH AFTER CATCHING FIRE : BRITAIN'S ONLY COMPLETED VICKERS *VALIANT* JET BOMBER, CONSIDERED OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE TO WESTERN DEFENCE ; TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT.

The only completed Vickers *Valiant* four-jet bomber caught fire in the air on January 12 and crashed near Christchurch, Hampshire. The crew of five baled out, but one of them, Squadron Leader B. H. D. Foster, R.A.F., received fatal injuries. A joint official announcement by the Air Ministry and Ministry of Supply stated: "The destruction of the *Valiant* was caused by accidental fire in one of the engine bays. Fortunately, the aircraft had already completed sufficient test flying to show that it fully met the Air Staff requirements. The accident will not, therefore, entail any changes in the plans for its production." The

Valiant first flew on May 18, 1951, and it was announced that month that "a substantial order" had been placed by the R.A.F. Although others are being built, the machine destroyed in the crash was the only one to have started its flight trials and its loss will mean a set-back to Bomber Command's plans to re-equip all its squadrons with modern turbo-jet-engined aircraft. The *Valiant* four-jet bomber is capable of carrying an atom bomb, and is considered to be of the greatest importance to Western defence. It is powered by four Rolls-Royce *Avon* turbo-jet engines. (Upper photograph by courtesy of "Flight.")



(ABOVE) LYING FLAT ON HER SIDE BEFORE TAKING HER FINAL PLUNGE: THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER *FLYING ENTERPRISE* OVERWHELMED AT LAST BY THE CRUEL SEA, WHILE THE SALVAGE TUG *TURMOIL*, WITH CAPTAIN CARLSEN AND MR. KENNETH DANCY ABOARD, STANDS BY TO SEE HER GO.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF AN AMERICAN FREIGHTER WHOSE NAME IS NOW FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD: FINAL SCENES AS THE *FLYING ENTERPRISE* WAS CLAIMED BY THE CHIEF SEA.

THE American freighter *Flying Enterprise*, whose story is told on other pages in this issue, sank at 4.10 p.m. on January 10, after floating for thirteen days with a heavy list and cracked plates. Her master, Captain Carlsen, and Mr. Kenneth Dancy, mate of the salvage tug *Turmoil*, realised that the end was near when she lay over nearly flat on the water, and, walking out on to the funnel, dropped into the sea at about 3.30 p.m. They were picked up by the *Turmoil*, which stood by until the *Flying Enterprise* had sunk. She went under stern first, and for a few moments her bows projected above the surface as if in a final salute to her would-be rescuers, then she slid under and there was a final burst of spray as air escaped from the submerged vessel. She sank in 40 fathoms, leaving behind wreckage from her decks and a capsized lifeboat, probably that illustrated on page 81, which was later washed up on the coast of Brittany. The two lower photographs on these pages were taken from T.H.V. *Satellite*, which was the nearest ship to the *Flying Enterprise* when she sank.

(LEFT) THE LAST MOMENTS AS SEEN FROM THE T.H.V. *SATELLITE*: A VIEW OF THE BOWS OF THE *FLYING ENTERPRISE* PROJECTING FROM THE SEA AS SHE SANK. STERN FIRST, WITH ONE OF HER LIFEBOATS FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN NEARBY.

(RIGHT) A LAST SALUTE FROM THE *FLYING ENTERPRISE* TO HER WOULD-BE RESCUERS: A CLOUD OF SPRAY ERUPTING FROM THE SUBMERGED VESSEL AS SHE PLUNGED STERN FIRST TO THE SEA-BED 40 FATHOMS BELOW.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THERE are three distinct kinds of artichoke, globe, Jerusalem, and Chinese, and so distinct are they from

ARTICHOKES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

there is a central cone, a dense mass of bristly choke. This is removed, and there remains the *bonne bouche*, a

thick, fleshy green disk, which is one's reward. The total volume of vegetable that one has consumed in eating one

one another that it is difficult to imagine how they all came by the one common name. I can only find one attribute which they share in common, and even that only gives them a vague sort of shadow of a family likeness. They have an odd, slightly musky or earthy flavour, which folk either like greatly—or detest. This flavour is more pronounced in the Jerusalem artichoke than in the other two.

The globe artichoke, which, in effect, is like a massive and gigantic thistle, is one of the handsomest of all garden plants. In full summer growth it stands a good 4 ft. tall, and as much through. Its splendid leaves, deeply cut and lacinated, and even handsomer than the famous *Acanthus*, arch up and outwards to form a great fountain of silver grey. The flowers are like enormous thistles, each as big as one's two fists, with grey-green pointed scales and a central disk of bright lavender-blue. They are carried on rigid stems, well above the leaves. The topmost flower on each stem is the largest, and there are usually one or two lesser flowers branching off below.

The globe artichoke is well worth growing for its decorative value alone, either in some large, spectacular flower border, or, if in the kitchen-garden, in a position where its splendour can be seen and appreciated. It is too splendid a thing to consign to the immediate and sordid company of spuds and turnips. Plant them rather as a hedge or screen to mask such worthy but undecorative vegetables. Above all, they might be used in the formation of what has been called a sub-tropical group. As companions the artichoke could have the New Zealand flax, *Phormium tenax*; funkias, yuccas, "Red-hot Pokers," clumps of the wand-flower, and so forth. As a background, and by way of suggesting sub-tropics, and tigers, there could be groups of one or other of the tall, graceful, hardy bamboos.

But enough of fantasy, simple though that picture would be to produce. Globe artichokes should be grown as a vegetable—by those who like them—and for this it is important to secure one of the superior, named varieties. Seedlings are easy to raise, and are good enough for decorative purposes, but they cannot be relied upon to give succulent and worth-while heads for table purposes. Side shoots or suckers, taken with as much root as possible, should be planted in spring, 4 ft. apart, in rich, light, well-drained soil in full sun. But for full cultural directions consult any good book on vegetables, or the new "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening."

The big central flowers—one on each stem—are the best, and to encourage them in bigness, the lesser, lower flower-heads should be removed. A little experience soon teaches just when the heads are at their best for gathering. Left too long, they become tough. The usual way of serving globe artichokes—the way that I have met in France and, very occasionally, in England—is plain boiled, with a piquant oil-and-vinegar dressing poured into the centre of each. Then, with one great head on one's plate, the eating consists of a lengthy course of minute samples of the *bonne bouche* that is to come at the end. One by one the hard scales are pulled off, dipped in the dressing, and their delicate, fleshy bases nibbled off—each base no more than perhaps a quarter of the teaspoonful. Towards the centre the scales become thin and papery, though still with fleshy bases. At this stage they may be pulled off in bunches, until eventually



THE EPICURE'S JOY AND "WELL WORTH GROWING FOR ITS DECORATIVE VALUE ALONE . . . IN SOME LARGE-SPECTACULAR FLOWER BORDER" WITH "ITS SPLENDID LEAVES, DEEPLY CUT AND LACINATED, AND EVEN HANDSOMER THAN THE FAMOUS ACANTHUS (ARCHING) UP AND OUTWARDS TO FORM A GREAT FOUNTAIN OF SILVER GREY."

This portrait of the globe artichoke was drawn by one of the best French botanical artists of the nineteenth century A. Riocreux. It was engraved as an illustration to the *Manuel de L'Amateur des Jardins*, by J. Decaisne and C. Naudin (Vol. IV.), published at Paris in 1871. During his long life (1820-1912), Riocreux illustrated many botanical works, principally in black-and-white.



THOUGH GLOBE ARTICHOKES COME EASILY FROM SEED; IF THEY ARE WANTED FOR THE TABLE, IT IS IMPORTANT TO GET A GOOD NAMED VARIETY. A FAVOURITE VARIETY OF EIGHTY YEARS AGO: THE "ARTICHAUT DE LAON," ALSO DRAWN BY A. RIOCREUX FOR THE SAME VOLUME AS THE GENERAL PORTRAIT OF THE PLANT.

good-sized artichoke is actually very small. Yet one is usually enough, for though delicate and delicious, it is curiously satisfying. And certainly, having eaten an artichoke you have something to show for it—a perfect mountain of scales and other debris. Some there are who actually dislike the flavour of artichokes, and that, of course, is—well—just one of those things. Others say they cannot be bothered with them. But they, as often as not, go to France and demand porridge and eggs and bacon for breakfast. They, too, are just one of those things. Personally, I eat artichokes in France as a leisurely and pleasing occupation rather than as a means of sustenance, and because they know so well how to serve them. In England I eat them, largely to bring memories of holidays in France.

The globe artichoke not being a universally popular vegetable in this country, good named varieties are not to be had from every nearest nursery, though there are some who stock them. They are grown, however, in many of the big private gardens, so many of which have "gone commercial," and sell fruit, plants, flowers and vegetables. It was from such a garden that I secured rooted offshoots of a good variety which came originally from France.

The so-called Jerusalem artichoke, *Helianthus tuberosus*, is a perennial sunflower. It is worth growing, if you like the vegetable, and if you have a fairly roomy garden, and it is worth rather better cultivation than it usually gets—well-dug ground and plenty of manure or compost. The tubers may be dug as required, at any time during autumn or winter, or the whole crop may be lifted and stored. It is important, however, to store them in such a way that they will not shrivel. Left exposed in the store-shed they soon shrivel and deteriorate. They should be embedded in sand or light soil. Plain boiled and served with white sauce, they are well enough, now and then, but they soon become monotonous, and with their rather pronounced flavour they pall, even on those who like them, far sooner than potatoes. Artichoke soup can be excellent, but this, again, can become a bore. A pleasant way of cooking artichokes is to scrub the tubers well, and then, without peeling them, roast them in the gravy round the sirloin—or shall I say the ration?—just as potatoes are sometimes done. Incidentally, potatoes when roasted round the joint are far better if just scrubbed and done *en chemise* than if peeled and cut up. But they should be medium to small tubers.

The Chinese artichoke, *Stachys affinis*, or *S. tuberosa*, is not, I think, a particularly important vegetable. I remember our gardener growing it when I was a small boy—but not for long. The tubers, like small white marbles, are strung together like beads in short lengths.

I think it probable that our cook of those days found washing and preparing them too tiresome and fiddling a job, and so forbade the gardener to grow them any more. Since then I have seen the tubers shown in big, elaborate, comprehensive exhibits of vegetables at Chelsea and other important shows, but never have I met them at table.

For all I know, Chinese artichokes may be a supremely delicious delicacy. But my recollection of them, after many years, is that they were just merely quite nice and nothing more. Certainly they did not lead to warfare with cook and gardener to ensure their continued cultivation.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, for as the new copy arrives each week the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. It also solves the problem of packing and other difficulties which arise when sending a gift to friends overseas. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN: NEWS OF YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.



DEMONSTRATED IN THE UNITED STATES: A 26-FT. STEEL BOAT WHICH WILL NOT SINK DESPITE BEING FLOODED WITH THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF WATER.
A 26-ft. steel boat which will not sink despite being flooded with water, and which runs under its own power in that condition, was exhibited recently at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, at a demonstration of the first non-sinkable stock steel cruiser to be built in power-boat history.



BUILT TO RELIEVE KEW'S "HOUSING" PROBLEM: KEW GARDENS' FIRST ALUMINIUM GLASSHOUSE, WHICH IS NEARING COMPLETION AT A COST OF £23,000.
Kew Gardens' first aluminium glasshouse, 90 ft. long and 50 ft. wide, is nearing completion. Into it will go several hundred Australian plants, which up to now have mostly been crowded into the Temperate House. Specimens to be rehoused include some of the most interesting species from South-West Australia.



LEARNING ABOUT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF YESTERDAY: CHILDREN AT AN L.C.C. SCHOOL LISTENING TO MR. CARL DOLMETSCH DEMONSTRATING ON TWO RECORDERS.
Among the many interesting lectures arranged by the L.C.C. for secondary school pupils during their Christmas holidays was one on Early Musical Instruments and their Music, which was given by an



"THROWING THE HOOD" IN A LINCOLNSHIRE VILLAGE: FOUR OF THE PARTICIPANTS IN THIS TIME-HONOURED SCRIMMAGE HAVING A DRINK TOGETHER AT HAXEY.
For about 600 years an event known as "throwing the hood" has taken place every year at Haxey. Four of the participants in this struggle can be seen (l. to r.): W. Skelton (holding the hood); the "Fool" (Mr. R. Wilson); the "Lord" (Mr. H. Cooper) and the Chief Boggin (Mr. R. Whitehead).



POLISHING THE DETACHABLE CANOPY OF MOULDED PERSPEX: MEN WORKING ON ONE OF THE DAIMLER OPEN TOURING CARS FOR THE ROYAL TOUR.
Detachable canopies of moulded Perspex have been made for the Daimler open touring cars supplied for the forthcoming visit of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Australia and New Zealand. They will be used in rainy weather to give people a clear view of the Royal visitors.



LISTENING ATTENTIVELY: CHILDREN GATHERED ROUND MR. CARL DOLMETSCH AS HE PLAYED ON A REBEC, THE IMMEDIATE FORERUNNER OF THE VIOL FAMILY.
expert on the subject, Mr. Carl Dolmetsch, at the Hammersmith School of Building and Arts and Crafts. Mr. Dolmetsch has been Director of the Haslemere Festival since 1940.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



ONE OF THE PILOTS WHO WILL FLY PRINCESS ELIZABETH PART OF THE WAY TO NAIROBI: CAPTAIN BALLANTINE.



SIR ANDREW B. COHEN.
Governor and C-in-C. Designate of Uganda, who received a knighthood in the New Year Honours. He has been Assistant Under-Secretary of State in charge of the African Division of the Colonial Office since 1947. Sir Andrew, who was born in 1909, has visited all the British territories in Africa, many of them several times.



SIR THOMAS BELL.
Died on January 9, aged eighty-six. As a marine engineer, shipbuilder and administrator he was identified with the Clydebank shipyard for sixty years. He was resident director-in-charge of John Brown and Co. from 1909 to 1935. From 1917-18 he was Deputy Controller of Dockyards and Shipbuilding at the Admiralty.



ONE OF THE TWO B.O.A.C. CREWS WHO WILL FLY PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO NAIROBI: (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN R. C. PARKER; CAPTAIN T. B. STONEY; NAVIGATING OFFICER C. T. FARNDELL; RADIO OFFICER J. MILLER; STEWARDESS C. M. ARPHORP; CHIEF STEWARD C. A. J. COCKLIN; STEWARD K. CLARKE AND STEWARD A. C. FORBES. Two of B.O.A.C.'s most experienced captains, each of whom has flown over 2,500,000 miles, will command the Argonaut airliner in which Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will fly from London to Nairobi on January 31 on the first stage of their journey to Australia. Captain R. C. Parker will command the airliner on the first part of the flight from London Airport to Nairobi. At a refuelling point *en route*, he and his crew will be relieved by a second crew, led by Captain R. G. Ballantine.



"WE TALKED AS OLD FRIENDS DO WHEN THEY MEET AGAIN AFTER SOME TIME": MR. CHURCHILL, AT THE PENTAGON, WITH HIS HOST AND FELLOW-GUESTS. On January 6 Mr. Churchill was guest at an official luncheon at the Pentagon, H.Q. of the Defence Department in Washington, given by Mr. Lovett. Luncheon lasted for two hours, and Mr. Lovett said it was "entirely social and no business was transacted." Our photograph shows (l. to r., standing) Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor; Mr. W. Averell Harriman; Field Marshal Sir William Slim; Sir Oliver Franks; and General Omar Bradley. (L. to r., seated) Mr. Dean Acheson; Mr. Winston Churchill; Mr. Lovett and Mr. Anthony Eden.



A HERO TELEPHONES TO HIS MOTHER: PRIVATE WILLIAM SPEAKMAN, WHO WAS RECENTLY AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR GALLANTRY. The ribbon of the Victoria Cross was presented in Korea on December 30 to Private William Speakman, of The Black Watch, attached to the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers. Private Speakman, who is 6 ft. 7 ins. high and known as "Big Bill," enlisted as a Regular soldier in 1945. Private Speakman, whose gallantry was described in our issue of January 5, described the action which won him the V.C. as "quite a little scrap."



PROFESSOR E. W. TRISTRAM.
Died on January 11, aged sixty-nine. He was a leading authority on mediæval art and his work on the preservation of mediæval paintings and monuments is known throughout the world; notable examples are to be found in many English cathedrals and other places. His publications include: "English Mediæval Wall Painting, Twelfth Century" (1945) and "Thirteenth Century" (1950).

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE STEWARDESS WHO WILL FLY WITH CAPTAIN BALLANTINE'S CREW TO NAIROBI: MISS D. PALMER.



MR. JAMES PALMER-TOMKINSON.
A well-known skier, a member of the British Olympic team and a former British champion, Mr. J. Palmer-Tomkinson was killed on January 7 when training at Klosters, in the Grisons, for the British championship. He fell when descending the Goetschner Grat-Klosters-Schwendi run and his head struck a boulder.



PROFESSOR SIR FRED CLARKE.
Died on January 6, aged seventy-one. Well known in educational circles, both here and in the Dominions, he was Professor of Education and Director, Institute of Education, London University, 1936-45; and Educational Adviser to the National Union of Teachers. His publications include: "Education and Social Change."



THE DEATH OF A GREAT SOLDIER: GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, FRENCH C-IN-C. AND HIGH COMMISSIONER IN INDO-CHINA. General de Lattre de Tassigny, the French C-in-C. and High Commissioner in Indo-China, died in a Paris nursing home on January 11 after having undergone two serious operations. On January 12 the Council of Ministers decided to confer posthumously on him the supreme dignity of Marshal of France. General de Lattre de Tassigny, who was sixty-two, had a most distinguished and adventurous career, and he leaves behind him a record of fine leadership and great personal gallantry.



ON BOARD THE PRESIDENTIAL YACHT WILLIAMSBURG ON JANUARY 5: PRESIDENT TRUMAN AND MR. CHURCHILL ENJOYING A JOKE DURING THEIR INFORMAL CONVERSATIONS.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN AT AN INFORMAL TALK: MR. TRUMAN AND MR. CHURCHILL ON BOARD THE WILLIAMSBURG.

"DURING the last two days we have been able to talk over, on an intimate and personal basis, the problems of this critical time. Our discussions have been conducted in mutual friendship, respect and confidence. Each of our Governments has thereby gained a better understanding of the thoughts and aims of the other." These words, with which the communiqué issued on January 9 by President Truman and Mr. Churchill opened, indicate the atmosphere of friendship and trust in which their talks were carried on. As the *Washington Post* pointed out, these meetings "have restored the frankness and warmth which had been sadly lacking in the later years of the Labour Government." The President and Mr. Churchill held four main meetings at the White House.

(Continued opposite.)



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ATTENDS A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS: THE PRIME MINISTER (CENTRE; HANDS ON BALCONY) IN THE DIPLOMATIC GALLERY TO HEAR THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL MESSAGE ON THE STATE OF THE UNION.

(Continued.) on January 7 and 8. Informal talks also took place between the President and the Premier on board the Presidential yacht, the *Williamsburg*, on January 5, the day of Mr. Churchill's arrival in America. They had a private conversation in the President's lounge after dinner, and were then joined by Mr. Dean Acheson and Mr. Eden, when their discussions "covered a wide range of topics" and "clarified the atmosphere." Mr. Churchill entertained Mr. Truman at dinner at the British Embassy on January 7, and thus had further opportunities for informal talks. On January 8 he attended a joint session of Congress to hear the President deliver his annual State of the Union Message. He left New York for Ottawa on January 10.



IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.: PRESIDENT TRUMAN ELABORATES A POINT IN ONE OF HIS FORMAL TALKS WITH MR. CHURCHILL.

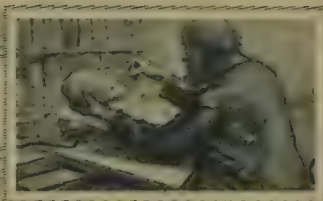


THE PRIME MINISTER ENTERTAINS THE PRESIDENT IN THE BRITISH EMBASSY, WASHINGTON, ON JANUARY 7: MR. TRUMAN AND MR. CHURCHILL ENJOYING AN INFORMAL TALK.

BRINGING "FRANKNESS AND WARMTH" BACK INTO ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS: PRESIDENT TRUMAN AND MR. CHURCHILL'S FORMAL AND INFORMAL TALKS; AND MR. CHURCHILL'S VISIT TO CONGRESS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE VERSATILE WATER-SHREW.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SOME animals seem to show signs of a marked spirit of enterprise. A great adaptability, one might be tempted to say, if the various derivatives of the verb "to adapt" had not been so over-used, or even misused, in biological jargon, until they have almost lost their meaning. There is in the behaviour of some animals a quality difficult to relate to the general run of biological principles and explanations. Is it outrageous to attribute a spirit of anything to a mere animal? Certainly it is unfashionable when, as now, the tendency is to explain everything on a mechanistic basis. But let me present the ideas as they occurred to me and leave the interpretation open.

It began with a search for a water-shrew. For a long time I had been looking for this elusive beast. It is described as by no means rare in this country, though local in its distribution. That is as maybe, but I spent a long time looking for it without success, perhaps because it is largely nocturnal, before coming upon it by accident last autumn. My appetite whetted by what little I saw of the shrews, I have studied the accounts of it with greater intentness.

First for the shrew itself, which is related to the other two species found in Britain, the common shrew and the lesser shrew. It is much larger than either of these, having a head and body length of some 3 ins., with a tail of 2 ins. or so. Variable in colour, it may be described generally as slate black to dark brown above, and from a dirty white to smoke grey on the underparts, with a distinct line of demarcation between the two along the flanks. The colour can, however, be studied with precision in the dead animal only, for in life the rapidity of movement makes its exact observation almost impossible. Added to this, when under water the colour is

obscured by the air-bubbles trapped in the fur, which prevent it from becoming sodden. The toes are fringed with stiff bristles, and the underside of the tail bears a median fringe of hairs, functioning, it is suggested, as oars and rudder respectively. By these tokens, together with the habit of living in holes in the banks of streams, spending much of its time in the water and subsisting upon a diet mainly of aquatic invertebrates, such as insect larvæ, we may with reason speak of it as "adapted" to, or specialised for, an aquatic life. But if it is specially adapted for this life, it is by no means bound to it.

The extent to which it is at home in the water can best be appreciated by watching the beast, and supplementing by the observations of others. It slips into the water, or climbs or leaps out of it, with ease "as if air and water were both alike to it, and it were equally at home in either element." It can swim at the surface, with head slightly raised, and about three-quarters of the body out. Sometimes it appears to run over the surface. It can swim submerged, either with alternate movements of the feet or with a side-to-side wriggling of the body. It will on occasion leap clean from the water to take a passing insect, or it will actually run over the bottom of the stream, turning over pebbles for anything edible that may be sheltering underneath. But although so obviously at home on or under the water, it cannot remain long submerged, and water can be its greatest enemy, the flooding of the banks of its stream causing disruption to its normal habits.

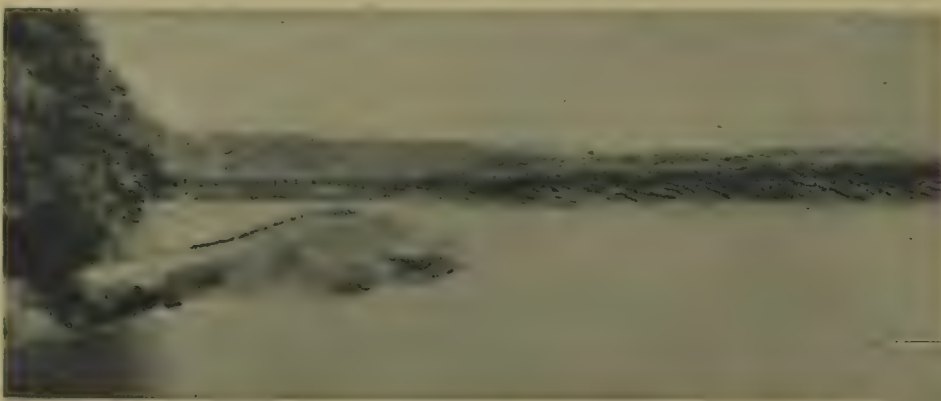
The retreat to the land seems, however, to cause only temporary inconvenience for, in spite of being "specially adapted" for an aquatic life, water-shrews often forage on land, sometimes at some distance from the stream. They have even been observed to take up abode at considerable distances from the nearest water. On land or in the water, all movements are carried

out at speed. A water-shrew disturbed on land and making for the river's edge, runs at speed, as if "specially adapted" for running on land. Or it may progress by leaps, prodigious for its size, as if "specially adapted" for jumping, though there is nothing in its structure to suggest either of these special adaptations.



SHOWING THE CLEAR LINE OF DEMARCATION ALONG THE FLANK BETWEEN THE DARK UPPER SURFACE AND THE WHITISH OR GREY BELLY: A WATER-SHREW (*Neomys fodiens*), WITH A COMMON SHREW (*Sorex araneus*) BELOW FOR COMPARISON OF SIZE.

The water-shrew, although of larger size (it has a head and body length of some 3 ins.), is much less commonly seen than its relations, the common shrew and the lesser shrew (*S. minutus*). In the water it is rapid in movement and, because of the air trapped in its fur, appears a silvery-grey. It has been described as looking like an elongated air-bubble when swimming under water. On land, there is a clear line of demarcation along the flank between the dark upper surface and the whitish or grey belly. The water-shrew is capable of unusual feats of locomotion on land and in water.



THE WATER-SHREW'S EFFECTIVE RUDDER AND PADDLES FOR USE WHEN SWIMMING: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE PECULIAR FRINGE OF HAIRS ALONG THE UNDERSIDE OF THE TAIL; AND A HIND FOOT MARGINED WITH ROWS OF HAIRS WHICH AID THE ANIMAL IN ITS AQUATIC LIFE.

To round off its athletic accomplishments, it has been recorded that a captive water-shrew has climbed the wires of a cage with ease, and even made its way along the top, "clinging back downwards to the wires." It is axiomatic that special adaptations usually exercise a limiting effect on function and behaviour, but such is conspicuously lacking here.

A water-shrew may sometimes take over a burrow made by some other animal, but it is fully capable of making its own, without any special adaptation for digging. The pattern of its burrow varies, but seems to include certain basic elements, such as an entrance under water, one above water in the face of the bank, and one or more opening inland. In the very design of its home, therefore, there is an indication of the water-shrew's truly amphibious character. But perhaps the most remarkable feature of its observed behaviour is in connection with its play.

Many of its antics in the water can only be construed as playfulness, but the observation recorded by Hodgson in 1886 is truly extraordinary. "At the termination of a drain, where it emptied into an open water-course, was the entrance to their burrow. The field was in grass at the time and depastured with cattle. In a semi-circle round their hole were a number of grass-covered runs, artistically arranged with the view apparently of forming a first-class recreation ground. A number of paths, wide enough only to accommodate a single shrew, radiated from the burrow as a centre, each extending about 7 or 8 ft. in length. These were crossed by parallel semi-circular tracks about a foot apart, the entire ground plan giving much the idea of a geometric spider's web cut in half. Along these tracks, lengthwise and crosswise

indiscriminately, the youngsters chased each other with almost lightning speed. Should any two of their number chance to 'foreset' each other, there was a squabble, and much shrill recrimination resulted. When tired with racing long, they would suddenly scuttle into the burrow, only to return in a few minutes and renew their frantic exertions."

The water-shrew's versatility is shown as well in its diet as in anything. Primarily carnivorous and feeding on aquatic insects or insect larvæ, it is prepared to take a wide range of food, even to living animals having almost equal strength and size to itself. In the water it does not confine itself to the small invertebrates, but will take frog-spawn and frogs, fish-eggs and fry, even fairly large fish, as in the instance in which a shrew was seen clinging to the head of a carp with its claws. Apparently it brings food to the surface, as a rule, to consume it, and it has the habit of arranging its kill in neat piles for later use. On land it will take flies, beetles and moths, snails if nothing else offers, and worms, burrowing for these last in the manner of a mole. Young birds, small mammals and carrion of all kinds are eaten.

Although normally aquatic, water-shrews have been found foraging under dry leaves, in the hedgerow, in woods, hayfields, cornfields, searching under horse-dung on roads, or even invading houses, greenhouses and cellars. All observers agree on the shrew's skill and ferocity in attacking victims of its own size, and it readily resorts to cannibalism in captivity. Even in

the wild it seems to have a natural belligerence towards its fellows, and on several occasions two male water-shrews have been found dead facing each other, each with marks of mortal combat on the body. It is to be expected, therefore, that a thick glove is needed when picking up a water-shrew, and even this is not always sufficient protection.

From the limited data available it seems that there are several litters a year, each containing five to eight young. According to Cocks, the young, born naked and blind, are "hardly larger than common house-flies, not nearly so large as bluebottles." They grow rapidly and in five or six weeks are able to leave

the mother, but there is evidence that family parties remain together for, possibly, months.

Relatively little observation has been made on water-shrews, and it is conceivable that a fuller knowledge of them might reveal even greater virility, versatility and enterprise. As it is, their behaviour contrasts strongly with the more subdued and stereotyped behaviour of other species. Merely to explain this in terms of gene complexes gets us nowhere. Undoubtedly all behaviour has a physical basis, but in outward form, musculature, brain capacity and so



FORMING AN EFFECTIVE PADDLE UNDER WATER YET NOT IMPEDING THE ANIMAL ON LAND: THE HIND FOOT OF A WATER-SHREW MARGINED WITH ROWS OF HAIRS AND WITH EACH TOE FRINGED WITH HAIRS.

Photographs by Maurice G. Savoyers.

on, a water-shrew does not differ perceptibly from others of our small mammals which are much more limited in their activities. Is its greater versatility due to diet, to unusual proportions in the endocrine glands, to an extended period of parental training? Does it result from an unusually efficient set of paws? Or is it a combination of these and other less tangible properties which at present defy scientific analysis, a synthesis of many characteristics best embodied in the term "spirit of enterprise."

THE WORLD TO-DAY: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA.



THREE MONSTRANCES PRESENTED BY DR. W. L. HILDBRUGH, F.S.A., AS PART OF HIS NEW YEAR GIFT TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM:

A GERMAN 17TH-CENTURY (L.) AND GOTHIC EXAMPLES. The most important item in Dr. W. L. Hildbrugh's New Year gift is the slender silver fifteenth-century monstrance (right) in the Gothic style. The German monstrance (left), by Johann Zeckel, Augsburg, c. 1700, illustrates the Baroque style of church plate.



DESIGNED TO PREVENT VISITORS FROM LOSING THEIR WAY IN THE GREAT BUILDING: A MODEL OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM WHICH NOW STANDS IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

It is easy to enter a museum in search of, say, mediæval carving, and find oneself looking at water-colours. There is no excuse for such aberrations at the Victoria and Albert, for a model of the museum, with every gallery, staircase, lift and exit marked, now stands in the main hall.



DEvised TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF PEDESTRIANS AT NIGHT: WHITE BELTS WITH SMALL RED REFLECTOR STUDS. An ingenious device which will, it is believed, ensure the safety of pedestrians on the roads at night, has been tried out by a resident in Brighton. She and her daughter both wear white belts bearing two red reflectors attached to the back in the form of studs, as illustrated in our photograph.



WITH A TELEVISION TOWER WHICH ADDS 222 FT. TO ITS 1248 FT. OF HEIGHT: THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

The famous Empire State Building, New York, one of the world's most celebrated "skyscrapers," has had a television tower erected on its summit which adds 222 ft. to its great height of 1248 ft. In December its sale for 51,000,000 dollars was announced.



SURROUNDED BY GIFTS PRESENTED BY MOTORISTS: A ROMAN POINT-DUTY POLICEMAN ON THE EPIPHANY. In Rome the festivities for the Feast of the Epiphany (Twelfth Night) include the presentation of hundreds of gifts to the city police by passing motorists. These are handed over to point-duty police, and placed on the little dais on which they stand which, as our illustration shows, are soon covered with offerings.



THE GUN-CARRYING CAROL-SINGERS OF MALAYA: A GROUP OF MEN OF THE 1ST BN. THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT, WITH A PLANTER AND HIS FAMILY ON CHRISTMAS EVE. Despite Communist guerrilla activities three parties of men of The Suffolk Regiment set out from their camp north of Kuala Lumpur on Christmas Eve to give estate managers and their families on lonely plantations a Christmas treat by singing carols to them. They stopped outside each bungalow and



"PEACE ON EARTH AND MERCY MILD" BY MILITARY SINGERS WHO BROUGHT THEIR ARMS WITH THEM: AN N.C.O. CONDUCTING THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT CAROL-SINGERS. sang "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Holy Night," "The First Noël," and other carols, and were then entertained by the planters. But, as wisdom counselled this precaution, these most unusual carol-singers were fully armed and had brought their sub-machine guns with them.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE HAUNTED GROVE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

AS we were coming back to Stratford-upon-Avon from Birmingham a few years ago, after the Repertory Theatre's modern-dress revival of "Timon of Athens," a distinguished Greek producer took care to tell me anxiously that this was not a true reflection of Athenian life. I don't know what he might have said about "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which the Old Vic has just presented, and which is far more of Shakespeare's Arden than of the Athens, violet-crowned, of Theseus and Hippolyta.

Tyrone Guthrie's return to the tripartite fantasy (a pompous phrase, I fear, for so friendly a play) has not been received too well. This Athenian wood, it seems, is full of thorn. Where, fourteen years ago, everyone joined to praise Guthrie's gauzy-romantic "Dream," there is now disappointment about the severities, the simplicities, of the latest revival.

It has to be a very bad "Dream" indeed that can fail on all counts, though I do recall a nightmare long ago, in which the lovers were treated heavily and earnestly, the Immortals managed to be both elocutionary and arch, and the Mechanicals laughed at themselves so much during "Pyramus and Thisbe" that one soon lost the mildest temptation to smile. But that was years back, and far from London. I would say of the Old Vic "Dream" that it is two-thirds satisfying and one-third alarming. Unhappily, the alarm is in the fairy scenes, which are at the heart of the play. Agreed, they are difficult to do. They can be sadly prettified, or they can be over-fantasticated. Tyrone Guthrie has moved now towards the second extreme. The passages that, as "Q" said when introducing the New Cambridge edition, should come from "a humid midsummer wood . . . drenched with poetry," are here singularly lacking in poetic spirit. Oberon's voice is out of key with his dulcet verse; Puck is a brisk schoolboy; and so are the

word is enough; I regret merely that some of the verse is not better spoken. The Romantics have the manner, especially Irene Worth, drooping anxiously as Helena, wide-eyed; Jane Wenham, an eager,

company would make. On the whole, we find a good two-thirds of the fantasy at the Vic. If the Immortals do want their enchanted radiance, it is possible either to read the text again and find for it the immaculate performance it must always get in the theatre of the mind, or else to remember other revivals in a richly-stored past. Regent's Park nights, maybe; the Haymarket production of 1945 (and Peggy Ashcroft's rippling gesture at "Pale in her anger, washes all the air"); the elaborate Stratford masque of the 'thirties; or, far back now, the Granville Barker "Dream" with its central hillock, white-flowered, its fire-flies and its glow-worms, and the fairies with gilded faces who worried some people as much as Guthrie's fairies do at the Vic. There will be remembrance also of Tree's lovingly realistic Wood at His Majesty's and—from the 'nineties—of the Daly's Theatre "Dream," derided by the red-bearded critic of the *Saturday Review*, Bernard Shaw:

Mr. Daly . . . has trained Miss Lillian Swain in the part of Puck until it is safe to say that she does not take one step,



A SCENE FROM "L'AG'YA" AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: THE VILLAGERS OF VAUCLIN, IN MARTINIQUE, DANCING THE "MAZOUK" AT THE FESTIVAL BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF JULOT WITH HIS LOVE CHARM.

The programme of dances, music and singing presented at the Cambridge Theatre by Katherine Dunham, has two notable items—"Shango," a sacrificial dance stylised for the stage, and "L'Ag'ya," in which Julot, a rival of Alcide for the hand of Loulouse, visits the King of the Zombies and obtains from him the "Camboise," a powerful love charm. On the following evening when the villagers are in festive mood he displays the "Camboise," and Loulouse falls under its spell. Alcide defies its powers and challenges Julot to the "Ag'ya," the fighting dance of Martinique.

single-minded Hermia; and, in a small and often insufficiently acknowledged part, Douglas Campbell, a superb Theseus.

Certainly I would not complain about the Mechanicals, though only one of them, Paul Rogers, is undeniably of the first class. He is an actor abounding in versatility: I have not admired him always—he is apt to over-press any vehement speech—but, as Bottom, he can indicate the man's simplicity and amiable conceit with a lightness altogether charming. Nothing is overdone or "comes tardy off." Knowing, too, that Bottom is the kind of Athenian rustic who is at home anywhere down in the deep country, he uses—with reason—the accent of mid-Devon and discovers a voice that "Jan Stewer," or other dialect masters of the West, would scarcely fault. I do not like very much the skeleton ass's head, even if it means that for once Bottom's eye-work has a chance. Still, here again, after the first shock, we can use our imaginations.

The play of "Pyramus and Thisbe," with a certain amount of pitch-and-toss on a step-ladder, goes very well. It has such an agreeable idea as the identification of "Limander" and "Helen" with Lysander and Helena. If we argue that the coupling is wrong, no matter: this is just the sort of error that Peter Quince's



"CERTAINLY I WOULD NOT COMPLAIN ABOUT THE MECHANICALS, THOUGH ONLY ONE OF THEM, PAUL ROGERS, IS UNDENIABLY OF THE FIRST CLASS": THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNUOT AND STARVELING REHEARSE "PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

Our photograph of the rehearsal of "Pyramus and Thisbe" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" shows (l. to r.; standing) Starveling, a Tailor (Percy Herbert); Bottom, a Weaver (Paul Rogers); Snout, a Tinker (Rupert Davies); Snug, a Joiner (James Ottaway). (L. to r.; sitting) Flute, a Bellows-mender (John Walker); and Quince, a Carpenter (Alan Badel).

attendants, a heavy-footed train. The note of the "haunted grove" is heard only in the speaking of Jill Balcon, and she, alas, is almost eclipsed by Titania's make-up.

One grieves for this particularly, because so much else in the new "Dream" can delight. Tyrone Guthrie and his designer, Tanya Moiseiwitch, have allowed us to plant the Wood for ourselves. The suggestion is there, a trace of a silvered thicket, moonlight in flood. The rest we can create: easily, for the verse does it all. And I do not mourn the absence of the Mendelssohn score, as many have done. Shakespeare's



AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: A SCENE FROM "L'AG'YA" IN WHICH JULOT (WILBERT BRADLEY) SHOWS LOULOUSE (KATHERINE DUNHAM) THE "CAMBOISE," A POWERFUL LOVE CHARM HE HAS OBTAINED FROM THE KING OF THE ZOMBIES.

strike one attitude, or modify her voice by a single inflection that is not violently, wantonly and ridiculously wrong and absurd. . . . He swings Puck away on a clumsy trapeze with a ridiculous clash of the cymbals in the orchestra in the fullest belief that he is thereby completing instead of destroying the effect of Puck's lines. His "panoramic illusion of the passage of Theseus's barge to Athens" is more absurd than anything that occurs in the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe in the last act.

For my part, I shall think most affectionately of John Gielgud's earliest Oberon, spirit of silver, and Leslie French's Puck ("I go, I go; look how I go!") as they held their night-roving in the grove in the Old Vic revival of 1929. That was produced by Harcourt Williams. In reminding myself of the occasion by re-reading Williams's book, "Four Years at the Old Vic," I noticed this passage: "In a letter on the subject, Craig gave me an interesting suggestion for the Forest scene which I adapted as well as I could. It was a sketch of a horseshoe-shaped rostrum which he had seen in a production in Holland. Puck always rushed along this, creating the illusion that this was his dimension in space."

It should have been observed by now that, on Wednesday, January 16, Edward Gordon Craig, Ellen Terry's son, the master stage-designer of our time, reached his eightieth birthday. He will have the homage of designers the world over, who have for so long recognised his quality of enchantment, his extraordinary theatrical vision, his way of turning any stage into a grove haunted indeed.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CINDERELLA" (Princes).—A blithe, matter-of-fact affair with any amount of song and a friendly Buttons in Derek Roy. (December 21.)
 "ARCHIE ANDREWS'S CHRISTMAS PARTY" (Prince of Wales's).—Mr. Brough's friend is an excellent holiday host at matinees. (December 21.)
 "HUMPTY DUMPTY" (Palladium).—The most lavish pantomime of the season has Terry-Thomas as an unconventional, toothily drawing, amiably beaming King. (December 22.)
 "CHRISTMAS MAGIC" (Westminster).—What it says. The other keyword is Maskelyne. (December 24.)
 "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Winter Garden).—St. George (Donald Houston) for Merrie England. (December 24.)
 "LET'S MAKE AN OPERA" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Cast and audience unite again at Benjamin Britten's command. (December 24.)
 "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Old Vic).—The Athenian wood is peopled happily by Romantics and Mechanicals, less happily by the Immortals. (December 26.)
 "THE MERCHANT OF YONKERS" (Embassy).—In spite of Robert Eddison and Jessie Evans, Thornton Wilder's fantasy lags, heavy-footed. (December 26.)
 "THIEVES' CARNIVAL" (Arts Theatre Club).—Anouilh's "ballet-comedy" about the pickpockets who pose as grandees of Spain, was done better last year at the Birmingham Repertory. Still, John Laurie, Robin Bailey and Maxine Audley are always pleasant in what is frankly a charade. (January 2.)
 "THIRD PERSON" (Criterion).—Andrew Rosenthal's curiously intense play about a young man—guest in an American family—who is a Third Person Singular. Acted by the Arts Theatre cast, Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans and Denholm Elliott at the head. (January 3.)

CONTINUING A 150-YEARS FRIENDSHIP: A NEW ANGLO-ARABIAN TREATY.



BUILT BY THE PORTUGUESE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY AND NOW THE BARRACKS OF THE MUSCAT LIGHT INFANTRY: A VIEW OF MIRANI FORT, MUSCAT.



SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) H.M. POLITICAL AGENCY, THE HOSPITAL, CUSTOMS HOUSE AND THE SULTAN'S PALACE: A SECTION OF THE MUSCAT WATERFRONT.



LYING IN A HOLLOW SURROUNDED BY FORBIDDING HILLS: THE TOWN OF MUSCAT SEEN FROM INLAND, WITH THE SEA IN THE DISTANCE.



ONE OF THE HOTTEST PLACES IN THE WORLD: A VIEW OF THE MUSCAT WATERFRONT FROM JALALI FORT—THERE ARE NO TREES OR GARDENS.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPITAL OF THE SULTANATE OF MUSCAT AND OMAN: ONE OF THE TWO GATES LEADING INTO THE WALLED CITY OF MUSCAT.

It was announced on December 27 that the United Kingdom had signed a new treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation at Muscat with the independent Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, which displaces a similar treaty signed in February, 1939, and which was due to expire on December 31. The new treaty is to remain in force for fifteen years, and emphasises the close ties which have existed between this country and the Sultanate for 150 years. Muscat is situated

at the easterly corner of Arabia and has the town of Muscat as the capital and seat of government. In summer the town is one of the hottest places in the world, for it is surrounded by rocky hills which soak up and retain the heat from the sun, thus making the nights as hot as the days. There are no trees or gardens, for the date plantations are thirty-seven miles away at Sib. The buildings on the waterfront facing north are flanked by two forts, Mirani and Jalali.

"KON-TIKI"—A FILM TAKEN ON THE VOYAGE FROM PERU TO POLYNESIA.



A POLYNESIAN ISLANDS STATUE: A TYPE OF OBJECT WHICH MADE HEYERDAHL BELIEVE THEIR CULTURE ORIGINATED IN AMERICA.



FELLED BY THOR HEYERDAHL IN THE FORESTS OF ECUADOR FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE *KON-TIKI*: A BALSA-TREE TRUNK BEING STRIPPED OF BARK BY AN INDIAN.



SUPERVISING THE CONSTRUCTION IN SOUTH AMERICA OF THE RAFT *KON-TIKI*: THOR HEYERDAHL, WHO, WITH FIVE FELLOW-SCIENTISTS, CROSSED THE PACIFIC ON IT.



BUILT OF THE SAME MATERIALS AND ACCORDING TO THE SAME PLAN AS PRIMITIVE CRAFT IN USE IN SOUTH AMERICA 1500 YEARS AGO: *KON-TIKI*, A STARBOARD VIEW OF THE RAFT.



SAILING FROM PERU ON HER 4300-NAUTICAL-MILE VOYAGE: THE *KON-TIKI*, A STRANGE CRAFT IN WHICH NO METAL WAS USED.



SHOWING THE LITTLE DECK-CABIN AFT WHICH PROVIDED THE ONLY SHELTER: A VIEW OF THE RAFT *KON-TIKI*. IT COULD NEITHER TURN NOR STOP.



NAMED AFTER THE ANCIENT SUN-GOD *KON-TIKI*: THE RAFT, SHOWING A NEAR VIEW OF THE FORE-PART. SHE FLOATED ATOP THE WAVES INSTEAD OF PLOUGHING THROUGH THEM.

The astonishing story of the Pacific crossing, from Peru to Polynesia, by the *Kon-Tiki*, a raft constructed in exactly the same way, and of the same materials, as the primitive craft used by South American Indians some 1500 years ago, with six young scientists aboard, thrilled the world when its details became known some two years ago, and the book, "The *Kon-Tiki* Expedition; by Raft Across the South Seas," by Thor Heyerdahl, the leader of the party, proved a best-seller. It was, it may be remembered, reviewed in *The Illustrated London News* dated

April 29, 1950. Now, London is to have the opportunity of seeing a film actually photographed by the men who lived this astonishing adventure, a day-to-day record of their life on board, for a film with a running-time of 68 mins.—"Kon-Tiki"—is due to open at the Curzon Cinema at the end of January or the beginning of February. This picture has been made from the 16-mm. film taken by the crew of the *Kon-Tiki* with a home-movie type of camera. Some of the precious film was lost through storm and shipwreck, but enough was preserved

[Continued opposite.]

LIFE ABOARD THE "KON-TIKI"—TOLD IN A DAY-TO-DAY FILM RECORD.



THE ONLY METHOD OF STEERING THE RAFT ON HER TRANS-PACIFIC VOYAGE: THOR HEYERDAHL AT THE HEAVY STEERING-OAR OF MANGROVE WOOD.



AN INDICATION OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF OPERATING THE LARGE RECTANGULAR SAIL: FOUR OF THE CREW HAULING ON THE SHEETS TO MEET CHANGING WINDS.



A FEAT CALLING FOR COOLNESS, COURAGE AND STRENGTH: THOR HEYERDAHL, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, SUCCESSFULLY CATCHING A SHARK BY HAND.



JOURNEY'S END AFTER 101 DAYS SPENT IN TRAVERSING 4300 NAUTICAL MILES: A VIEW OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND PARADISE EVENTUALLY REACHED BY KON-TIKI.



WITH A LARGE FISH CAPTURED FOR THE LARDER HANGING UP BEHIND THEM: MEMBERS OF THE CREW ENJOYING A FRUIT MEAL.



CHAOS ABOARD THE RAFT KON-TIKI: DETAIL OF A SCENE AFTER SHE HAD RUN AGROUND ON THE RAROIA CORAL REEF IN THE SOUTH SEAS AT THE END OF HER JOURNEY.



AFTER SHE HAD REACHED THE SOUTH SEAS ISLANDS AT THE END OF AN AMAZING JOURNEY: STORES FROM THE RAFT KON-TIKI BEING CARRIED ASHORE.



THE WORK OF SALVAGE IN PROGRESS AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THE VOYAGE FROM PERU TO POLYNESIA: THE RAFT KON-TIKI AFTER SHE HAD GONE AGROUND.

Continued.
to form the basis of the film, to which not a single studio or staged incident has been added. It was produced by Olle Nordemar; the narration is by Thor Heyerdahl himself, and the introduction by Ben Grauer. It is presented by Sol Lesser and distributed by R.K. Radio. The members of the *Kon-Tiki* expedition were the five Norwegians, Thor Heyerdahl, Knut Haugland, Erik Hesselberg, Torstein Raaby and Herman Watzinger, and one Swede, Bengt Danielson; and the voyage was undertaken to prove Heyerdahl's theory that

primitive South Americans brought their culture to Polynesia, making the trans-Pacific journey in rafts of the kind used round their own coasts, which were carried across by means of the currents and prevailing winds. The *Kon-Tiki* was built of balsa-tree trunks felled in Ecuador, lashed together by ropes and steered by a long oar at the stern. The film shows the day-to-day life of the travellers, their adventures with sharks, cuttlefish and other marine creatures, their methods of housekeeping and how they recorded their scientific observations.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"THE INGENIOUS MR. GRIMM."

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE inhabitants of Rotherham are, to my knowledge, as hard-working and as warm-hearted a set of people as exist anywhere in these islands; they are also tough, with unlimited reserves of good humour, which is just as well, for they and their ancestors have made a pretty thorough mess of the district, smothering it with smoke, slag-heaps and coal-dust, and paying the inevitable price of early industrial development. They have a story to the effect that, soon after the railway came to Rotherham from Doncaster, the people of Sheffield started an agitation for a branch line, and Rotherham was up in arms immediately on the ground that such a project would bring into their town every kind of undesirable. They lost that fight, but still preserve a proper pride in their own achievements, which, as everyone knows, are not inconsiderable.

I have to go through Rotherham occasionally and the last time I was there I tried to imagine the place as it was once, a little town amid fields and green trees, and then, when I reached my home, I opened *The Illustrated London News* of December 22, and the first thing I saw was a drawing of Rotherham as it appeared in the late eighteenth century, by the Swiss artist, S. H. Grimm, which happens to be one of the exhibits at the current Burlington House show. "The

masterpiece appeared. This is what Gilbert White wrote about him: "Mr. Grimm was with me just 28 days; 24 of which he worked very hard and shewed good specimens of his genius, assiduity and modest behaviour, much to my satisfaction. He finished for me 12 views. He first of all sketches his scapes with a lead-pencil; then he pens them all over, as he calls it, with indian ink, rubbing out the superfluous pencil strokes; then he gives a charming shading with a brush dipped in indian ink; and last he throws a light tinge of water-colours over the whole. The scapes, many of them at least, looked so lovely in their indian-ink shading, that it was with difficulty the artist could prevail on me to permit him to tinge them, as I feared those colours might puzzle the engravers; but he assured me to the contrary."



"TURNHAM GREEN," BY SAMUEL HIERONYMUS GRIMM (1733-1794). AN EXAMPLE OF HIS COMPETENT AND SENSITIVE TOPOGRAPHICAL ART.

"Looking back from an age of photography, it requires a certain effort of the imagination to realise the enthusiasm of the more cultivated country gentlemen for the work of competent and sensitive topographical artists of the calibre of Grimm. Most men of standing were eager to have the features of their own estates and the more notable scenes in their neighbourhood recorded in this manner."

From a private collection.

All the few contemporary references to Grimm speak in those terms of his character: what seems to me so interesting is not that his host found him a very pleasant companion, but that fate so arranged things that while Grimm was actually at work, he came under the eye of a man who had trained himself as had few others of his day in recording

Looking back from an age of photography, it requires a certain effort of the imagination to realise the enthusiasm of the more cultivated country gentlemen for the work of competent and sensitive topographical artists of the calibre of Grimm. Most men of standing were eager to have the features of their own estates and the more notable scenes in their neighbourhood recorded in this manner. This is no place in which to pass in review the patrons who employed him. A brief note on one only must suffice. This is the enlightened, enterprising and hospitable Dr. Kaye, who in due course became Dean of Lincoln (1783) and inherited a baronetcy in 1789. Grimm's first commission from him was a drawing of the Maundy Ceremony in 1773, and from then until his death the two were almost constant companions. By 1779 Dr. Kaye owned, it was said, more than 1200 of Grimm's drawings. On one occasion, when Kaye was confined to the house, the artist, accompanied

by two companions, one of them his host's butler, rode out daily during a whole fortnight and "Grimm made drawings of everything curious" within a day's march. He went up to Durham with the Doctor, and reached Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where, according to Rosa Mary Clay, "I was dogged and on the point of being arrested as a spy had not Broadie the landlord turned the constables out." It has often been pointed out that, provided a man had more than normal health and a settled income of anything from £500 to £10,000 per annum, the eighteenth century in England was a good period in the world's history in which to be born. There you were in a countryside as yet scarcely spoiled by industry and in a position to enjoy civilised tastes—among them the friendship of Samuel Hieronymus and others like him, who would enter your service, if such a term can be used to describe an arrangement of this sort, for 2½ guineas per week plus your hospitality, and work like a beaver. (This was the sum mentioned by Gilbert White.) Interest in this country is naturally directed to Grimm's work during his years on this side of the Channel, but he was no less industrious in his younger days. There are many drawings in various collections both here and abroad which he did during his brief residence in France, and numerous Swiss landscapes, one or two in oils, are greatly prized in Switzerland. Among them is a drawing of Rousseau's house at Môtiers. One of his best-known English scenes is the view of the river at Richmond (illustrated on this page), which seems to me to epitomise the spirit of both the place and the period with extraordinary felicity—anyway, that's what I thought when I last saw it in 1940 at Christie's at the sale of the Arthur Gilbey collection. It is certainly a very happy example of his engaging talent.



"MARYBONE [sic] TURNPIKE," BY SAMUEL HIERONYMUS GRIMM, A BEAUTIFUL DRAWING OF A WELL-KNOWN PART OF LONDON WHEN IT WAS STILL A RURAL AREA.

During the eighteenth century in England "... you were in a countryside as yet scarcely spoiled by industry and in a position to enjoy civilised tastes—among them the friendship of Samuel Hieronymus and, others like him..." [From a private collection.]

First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy." This set me thinking of the painter himself, and I realised, with something of a mild shock, how dim a notion I had of him, not as an artist, for his drawings are legion, but as an individual. Somehow, a man with the Christian names of Samuel Hieronymus, so much more impressive than Samuel Jeremiah, should surely have been a character with a strong personality. In fact, he was polite, agreeable, industrious and accomplished—the exact reverse of a surname which can sound sinister to English ears. He was a Swiss, born at Burgdorf, near Berne, in 1733; he remained in his native country till he was thirty-two. Then he moved to Paris, and in 1768 came to England, where he stayed till his death in 1794. For the meagre details of his career I must refer you to a book by Rosa Mary Clay published ten years ago, but even that careful and exhaustive study cannot make us see him in the round. He was of the sort who take part in no quarrels and to whom no anecdotes are attached. Yet he identified himself to an extraordinary degree with English life, and we owe to him as much as to anyone what we know about the aspect of town and country during those twenty-five years—innumerable drawings of scenes and people in no fewer than thirty-five English counties, irrespective of Wales, not to mention the illustrations he did for Gilbert White of Selborne thirteen years before the latter's classic



"THE RIVER AT RICHMOND," BY SAMUEL HIERONYMUS GRIMM, ONE OF HIS BEST-KNOWN ENGLISH SCENES.

One of Grimm's best-known English scenes, the view of the river at Richmond, writes Frank Davis, "seems to me to epitomise the spirit of both the place and the period with extraordinary felicity..." [By courtesy of Christie's.]

INCLUDING A ROYAL NETHERLANDS' GIFT: FINE PAINTINGS IN CANADA.



(ABOVE.) "THE TWO WATER-MILLS": BY MEINDERD HOBBEEMA (1638-1709). FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS IN THE MAURITZHUIS, THE HAGUE. PRESENTED TO THE CANADIAN NATION BY THE NETHERLANDS IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LIBERATION.



(ABOVE.) "FAMILY GROUP": BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733-1810). ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA IN 1950.



"FEMME AUX GANTS": BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877). ONE OF THREE FRENCH PAINTINGS PRESENTED BY MR. H. S. SOUTHAM, C.M.G., TO THE GALLERY.



"MERCURY AND ARGUS": BY J. M. W. TURNER (1775-1851). FIRST EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY 1836; ACQUIRED IN 1951 BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA.



"CLAUDE ET RENÉE": BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). A PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE ARTIST, AND A SERVANT.



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI": BY GIOVANNI-BATTISTA TIEPOLO (1696-1770). FORMERLY IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION AT SAN REMO; ACQUIRED IN 1950.



"CHEVAUX DE COURSES": BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917). ONE OF THREE WORKS ACQUIRED FROM THE AMBROISE VOLLARD COLLECTION IN 1950.



"FLOWER PIECE": BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890). A WORK OF THE PARIS PERIOD OF THE ARTIST (1886-88) AND ONE OF THE MUSEUM'S MOST IMPORTANT ACQUISITIONS.

THE National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, had its beginnings in 1882, but grew slowly, as it did not receive its first monetary grant until 1907, when the Advisory Arts Council was formed. In 1913 the Board of Trustees (of which Sir Vincent Massey is now Chairman) was instituted by the National Gallery Act, and the collection is now important. On this page we illustrate some of the recent acquisitions, including one of the three works from the celebrated Vollard Collection which it now contains. Some

of the Vollard paintings were seized on the high seas by the Royal Navy in 1940, and stored at the National Gallery of Canada until their release in 1949. The Hobbema, from the Royal Collections at the Mauritshuis, The Hague, was presented by the Netherlands to the Canadian nation in commemoration of the liberation, and now hangs in the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa. It may be recalled that Queen (then Princess) Juliana spent part of the war in Canada, and that Princess Margriet was born in Ottawa in 1943.

ONE OF THE RICHEST FINDS OF MINOAN TREASURES IN CRETE.

DISCOVERIES BENEATH
THE PALACE OF
PHAISTOS WHICH MAY
REVISE THE WHOLE
DATING OF THE EARLY
AND MIDDLE MINOAN
CULTURES.

By Professor DORO LEVI,
Director of the Italian Archaeological
School of Athens.

EXACTLY half a century after the beginning of the renowned excavations which brought to light the remains of the brilliant Cretan-Mycenæan civilisation, in the summer of 1950, the Italian Archaeological School of Athens resumed the research on the ruins of the great palace of Phaistos. We owe to Sir Arthur Evans and his celebrated discoveries at Knossos the organisation and dating of Minoan history, which, following the lines of the Egyptian civilisation, was divided, from about 3000 to 1200 B.C., into three main periods (Early-, Middle- and Late-Minoan) each containing three phases. According to this scheme, the Late-Minoan age witnessed the gradual decay of Cretan wealth and art, the political domination as well as the creative power having passed by then to the mainland strongholds of Mycenæ and Tiryns, the kingdom of the tragic family of Atridæ; during Late-Minoan III. Mycenæ conquered the whole island of Crete, after having destroyed its rich palaces; and after a long period of decline and of languishing, provincial production, the old art of Crete ended in a dark age of inertia and powerlessness, while all around the new Greek art was already beginning to blossom. Twenty-five years ago I published in this periodical the discoveries of my excavations at Arkades, which were intended to throw some light on this supposed "Cretan twilight." The result was that the Mycenæan civilisation in Crete—in all probability not at all so languishing and decadent as still supposed—lasted much later than 1200 B.C., very likely to the beginning of the tenth century B.C.; and that the sub-Mycenæan and geometric period, far from being an age of inertia and powerlessness, was a restless period of spiritual and artistic fermentation, during which the old Minoan creative tradition lasted long enough to meet the new elements that were coming back from the East, on the boats of the Phœnician merchants. The union of these two very probably started Greek art and thought upon their first, hesitating steps. Twenty-five years later I proposed, as a task for the renewed activity of the Italian Archaeological School of Athens, a research about the dawn of the Minoan civilisation. Evans has sketched a picture of a very long Early-Minoan age, to each of whose phases he attributed different architectural characters and ceramic factories. As a matter of fact, no clear-cut layers under the later structures of the great Minoan palaces, such as Knossos, Phaistos, Tylissos, etc., bear evidence to the succession of different forms of architecture and pottery. These forms were found in great quantities, particularly in different sites of Eastern Crete. The whole scheme of Evans for this early age showed since the beginning several doubtful and contradictory points. The ruins of Phaistos (see Luigi Pernier, *Il Palazzo Minoico di Festos*, Vol. I., 1937; Vol. II. is in the press) lie in the most picturesque landscape, on top of a hill rising over the rich Messara plain and the limpid Hieropotamos River in front of the last spurs of the Ida Mountains, in view of the shores of the Libyan sea. For us the most important feature of these ruins is that the later palace—the remains of which are still the most conspicuous—rose on a higher level, its façade being withdrawn by several yards from that of the earlier (Middle-Minoan) palace. As a result, the earlier palace has left us more evident and better-preserved sections of itself than anywhere else in Crete. Over the earlier ruins, moreover, the builders of the later structure poured a thick and compact layer of concrete, as a foundation for the pavements of the new palace: a layer which protected and preserved to us great quantities of earlier materials. The trial digs of last year were carried out under the pavements of four rooms of the second palace, looking towards its western façade. In front of this façade lies the magnificent paved court with the imposing flight of steps on one side, which forms perhaps the earliest and widest theatre of prehistoric antiquity. Already during these trials we discovered several walls and pavements at different levels under the pavements of the last palace, which witness to more



FIG. 1. CLAIMED BY PROFESSOR DORO LEVI AS ONE OF "THE EARLIEST PAINTINGS OF EUROPEAN WOMEN SO FAR PRESERVED TO US": ONE OF TWO FRAGMENTS FOUND IN THE LOWEST LEVELS BELOW THE PALACE OF PHAISTOS, RECENTLY EXCAVATED—A DANCING FEMALE FIGURE.

than one reconstruction and to different phases in the history of the earlier palace. In one room, e.g., we brought to light a high wall, still covered here and there with its stucco plaster; but under the base of this wall, near the scanty remains of a lower wall, there lay, among other scattered materials, what appeared to be the remains of a wooden chest. The wood had perished by fire, but the chest was coated inside with a thin layer of white stucco, painted in red on the inner surface. The burning wood, leaving its traces in coals and ashes, had caused the stucco to shrink, and fall here and there upon the contents of the chest. These proved to be a whole "tea-service," containing two or three beautiful "tea-pots" in coloured "Kamares" pottery, and about two dozen cups. This room, as a whole, yielded us some of the most varied and attractive painted pottery ever discovered in the entire repertory of Cretan Kamares ware. This year, while continuing the work between the walls of the later palace, we also turned our attention to an open area, precisely on the south-eastern corner of the West Court, below the last rising orthostates of the façade of the early palace. The southern part of the façade had collapsed, along with the rest of the building, in a terrific landslide which had swallowed here, as well as below the Central Court, a big section of the Minoan Palace. After a few superficial trials near the orthostates the earlier diggers had decided that nothing more could be found here, and had consequently dumped all the rubbish from the whole excavation on the slope near by, and

(Continued on opposite page.)

A HOARD OF CRETAN POTTERY FOUND BENEATH THE PALACE OF PHAISTOS.

Continued.
planted on top of it a grove of pine-trees. Here, on the contrary, we made our most striking discovery. Starting from the natural rock, which lies here about 20 ft. below what was so far considered the earliest floor of the Middle-Minoan Palace, we found walls of a wide room in three superimposed structures (Figs. 2-4). The lowest, resting on the rock itself, had left only scanty traces of itself, rising for about 20 ins., and cut at an angle by the later building; but the two following structures represented, on the contrary, the two earlier phases of the same building, the third and latest phase of which was the only one known before as the Early Phaistos Palace. The three superimposed walls, in fact, rest directly over each other, only becoming thicker in the later phases and varying the position of the doors leading to the near-by rooms. They all show the same technique of layers of small stones joined together by mud, flanked or pierced in all directions by wooden trunks, used perhaps as an anti-seismic device. The walls of this room, as well as those of the near-by ones, show the same plan and a similar architectural arrangement throughout the ages. We found outside this room, toward the area of the West Court—and have so far only started to excavate—some even thicker walls, which probably preserve for us the perimeter walls of the early palace. Besides this, the materials themselves confirm without any doubt that since the earliest structure we are still in the age of the earliest Minoan Palaces, i.e., in the Middle-Minoan period. The floor of the first phase of the palace was laid by clearing down to the rock the space between the two low remnants of preceding walls, mentioned above, and heaping within and pressing down a filling which consisted of earth, stones and thousands of fragments of pottery: in this filling, among endless rough cups, and sherds of

[Continued below.]



FIG. 2. "THE RICHEST HEAP OF OBJECTS OF EVERY KIND . . . WHICH HAS BEEN FOUND IN CRETE SINCE THE DATE OF THE GREAT CRETAN DISCOVERIES AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY."

Continued.
of stone; on the other, the eastern half, at the level of the pavement and below, a great number of vases was found, many of them intact, and still standing on their bases. Since the stones of the pavement were not found, had not crushed the pottery, and could not have been removed, we argued that a pavement in stuccoed plaster had concealed in this part of the room an underground repository of valuable pottery and other objects: indeed, when we removed the stone slabs of the pavement during our—very urgent and difficult—restoration work on the walls, close to the west wall we discovered a short flight of red plaster steps, which evidently led into the repository. Here we found the greatest abundance of objects, particularly pottery, of every size, shape and decoration (Figs. 5-11). The polychrome decoration of the Kamares ware reveals new shades and associations of colours, and the repertory of ornamental motives a variety of new elements and schemes which cannot be fully described here. Along with the spacious jars,

[Continued above, right.]

Continued.
there were big amphoræ, wine jars, stamnoi, tea-pots, fruit-stands, tumblers, bowls and cups; many fragmentary cups reach the rare, metallic thinness of the "egg-shell" ware (Fig. 8). A considerable number of them are decorated both in colour and relief, with lines, dots, spirals, circles, and also marine motives of shells and the like. With the usual painted motives of bands, spirals, tongues, are alternated more elaborate decorations, such as palmettes, leaves, rosettes, double-axes, swastikas, as well as naturalistic elements like branches, flowers, shells and fish. A tall two-handle jar with painted spirals on the whole body has, near the bottom, a diaphragm pierced with holes which makes of it a kind of strainer (Fig. 9). Many high-beaked jugs have the well-known decoration "a la barbotine," i.e., with the surface sprinkled with clay knobs, or corrugated, with a toothed mouth, sometimes flanked by eyes in relief (Fig. 11). Other vases show the "askos," or wine-skin shape; three vases have animal shapes, with mottled or otherwise coloured skins. The greater thickness of all the walls marks the upper structure from the earlier one; on a corner of the higher one we still see a fragment of the stucco floor. The later structure is practically identical with the earlier one, but it was destroyed not by a fire, but by a terrific earthquake, which caused the east wall to break loose from the north wall, and to lean dangerously forwards and downwards toward the slope of the hill. A huge filling of concrete—hard as stone to the picks of our workmen—was thrown over the ruins and between the collapsing walls in order to lay over them the new pavements and structures of the third period of the Middle-Minoan Palace—the structures which have been best preserved to us. This is the reason why we could excavate so far only one-half of this room, since removing the filling

[Continued below.]

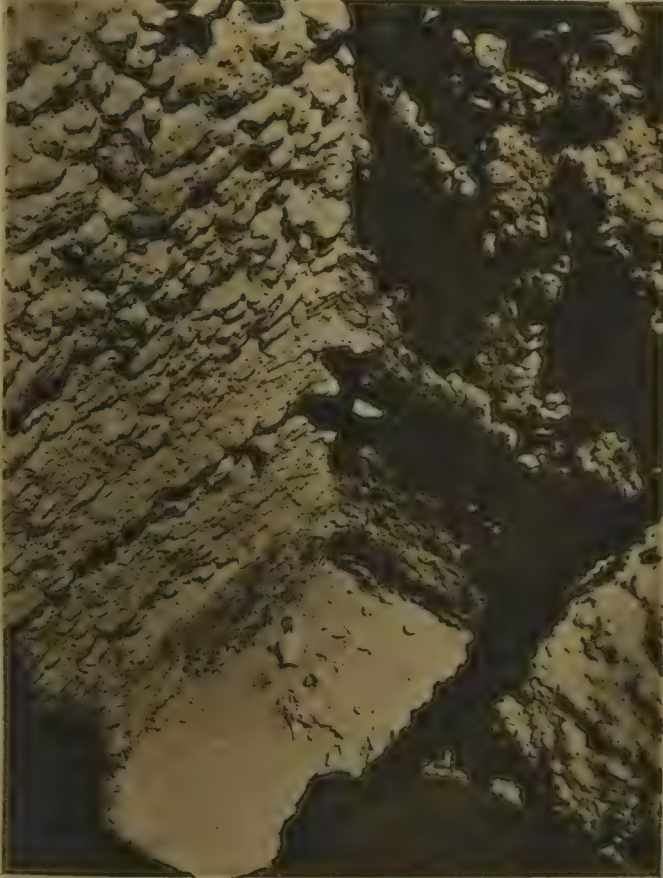


FIG. 3. DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF THE FIRST PHASE OF THE PHAISTOS PALACE, SHOWING VASES IN THE EAST HALF OF THE ROOM. FURTHER EXCAVATION REVEALED PAVING IN THE WEST HALF.



FIG. 4. A CLOSE-UP OF FIG. 2—SHOWING THE "UNDERGROUND REPOSITORY" OF VALUABLE POTTERY . . . MANY INTACT AND STILL STANDING ON THEIR BASES. NOTE THE BULL OF FIG. 5.

Continued.
neolithic, polished pottery, we already find other fragments of fine cups and vases in the polychrome, Kamares ware, characteristic of the Middle-Minoan age. Numerous fragments of vases in variegated marbles and stones were found here too. This building of the earliest palatial phase was destroyed by a violent fire; the burning ceiling-beams collapsed diagonally into the room over the rubbish of stones and plaster of the walls; we found their compact coals, showing that the layers below remained forever undisturbed. As a matter of fact, we found at the level of the floor, about 10 ft. under the beams, the richest heap of objects of every kind, in the most picturesque confusion, which has been found in Crete since the date of the great Cretan discoveries at the beginning of this century (Figs. 2 and 4). One-half of the floor, to the west, was paved with big slabs

[Continued above, centre.]



FIG. 5. A BULL-SHAPED RHYTON, DISCOVERED INTACT AS SHOWN IN FIGS. 2 AND 4: MADE OF POTTERY WITH PAINT DECORATION SIMILAR TO THAT OF FIG. 9.

Continued.
without first restoring and strengthening the walls would have meant their collapse. We said before that in the filling under the earliest Middle-Minoan structure, Kamares pottery was found mixed with neolithic pottery and with only a few sherds of the supposed Early-Minoan wares. In many other of the rooms we explored, we noticed that the Middle-Minoan remains lay directly over the neolithic layers. These layers sometimes reach a total thickness of over 10 ft. above the rock. Several successive floors of huts—in pressed soil, or small stones or bigger slabs—alternate with fillings of earth containing veins of coals and ashes, burnt bones, shells and other food rubbish, parts of stone hearths, and a quantity of sherds. In a room, deep under the Late-Minoan floor, part of a neolithic wall of rather imposing structure was found; it still preserved a fragment of painted

[Continued overleaf.]

MAGNIFICENT POTTERY FROM THE FIRST FLOWER OF MINOAN CIVILISATION.



FIG. 6. ALL THE POTTERY SHOWN ON THIS PAGE WAS FOUND IN THE SITE SHOWN IN FIG. 2. THIS WHEEL MOTIVE IS BELIEVED UNIQUE.

Continued.
dismantling corners of older walls and breaking door-posts) on the compact and hard concrete, over which here, as elsewhere, the last dwellers of the Middle-Minoan Palace built their own chambers. In these rooms—into which so far we could penetrate only a short way—we also found a few vases and sherds *in situ*. Among them, two fragments belong to a clay lid, with a lustrous reddish surface (Fig. 1). Along the rim a series of women, wearing the characteristic, broad Minoan gowns, was painted in white. They are drawn in a schematic, almost childish style, with circles, each with a beaked prominence, for the heads, rhombus-

(Continued below, right.)



FIG. 7. THIS VASE IS UNIQUE IN SHAPE, WITH A LATERAL OPENING (RIGHT) AND A CALOTTE, OR SKULL-CAP, LID.

Continued.
shaped torsos and thread-like limbs: still, these figures, in their lively attitude of dance, their hands on their hips, their waving spiral locks of hair, already show the liveliness, the tendency to free movement and arrangement in the decorative space, the fresh fantasy rebellious against all conventions, which were to be the characteristic features of Minoan art. These figures are indeed the earliest paintings of European women so far preserved to us.



FIG. 8. SOME OF THE SMALLER CUPS AND BOWLS IN VIVID POLYCHROME AND COVERED WITH RICH AND FANCIFUL DECORATIONS. SOME OF THEM ARE "EGG-SHELL" WARE OF AN ALMOST METALLIC THINNESS.

Continued.
stucco of its coating. A goodly number of sherds, over the usual lustrous surface, revealed a colour decoration in ochre, and a couple of them in addition some white drawings, *i.e.*, almost an anticipation of the Kamares polychromy. One or two sherds preserve a decoration in sprinkled clay, which also looks like a forerunner of the Middle-Minoan *barbotine* ware. On the other hand, one more link between the neolithic and the Middle-Minoan ceramics is offered by a group of large vases—particularly high-footed lamps, plates and saucers, three-footed offering tables, and so on—in rough clay and with a thick, lustrous red or brown surface, vases which were often found in the lowest layers of the early palace. If proved, the immediate contact of neolithic and Middle-Minoan layers—thus bringing down the Cretan neolithic period to about 2000 B.C. and reducing the whole Early-Minoan age to a short transitional phenomenon—would have the most serious consequences for the dating of the whole European pre-history, which is ultimately based on the Aegean and Greek relationships. But only further campaigns in Phaistos may solve this problem without leaving doubts and hesitations. The same story of successive destructions and reconstructions of the first palace of Phaistos was revealed to us also by other rooms excavated not far from that described above. In one of these rooms, while digging under the previously discovered floor of the last phase, a slide of earth led us into some half-empty small rooms of the preceding phase still existing under the huge foundations of the late palace. There is no question here of miraculously preserved ceilings which might have prevented the infiltration of soil and stones into these rooms; no, they were undoubtedly entered by excavators in ancient times. These excavators have left clear traces of their picks (by which they opened their way,

(Continued above, centre.)



FIG. 9. A TALL, TWO-HANDLED JAR WITH A PAINTED SPIRAL DESIGN: INSIDE, NEAR THE BOTTOM, IS A DIAPHRAGM PERCED WITH HOLES WHICH CONVERTS IT INTO A SORT OF STRAINER.

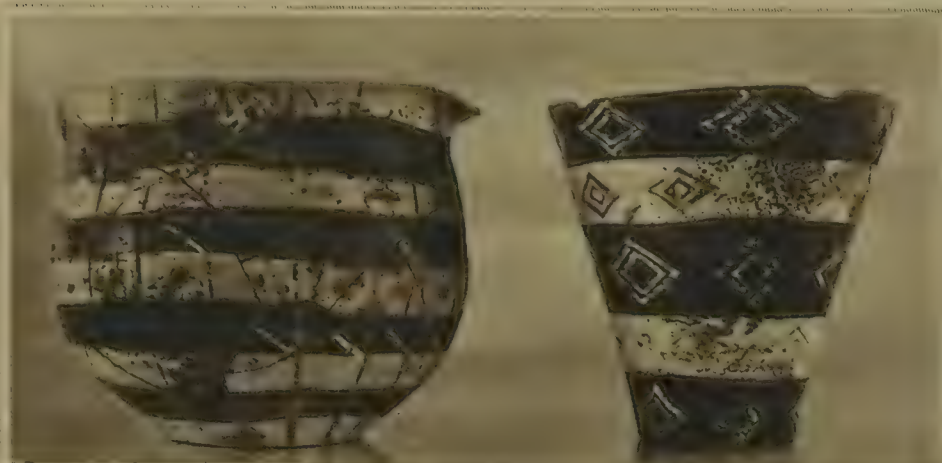


FIG. 10. (LEFT) A LIPPED BOWL WITH A SWASTIKA ON A BUTTON IN RELIEF AND WITH A CHEQUER-BOARD DESIGN, SPIRALLY NETTED IN FOUR COLOURS; AND (RIGHT) A TUMBLER.

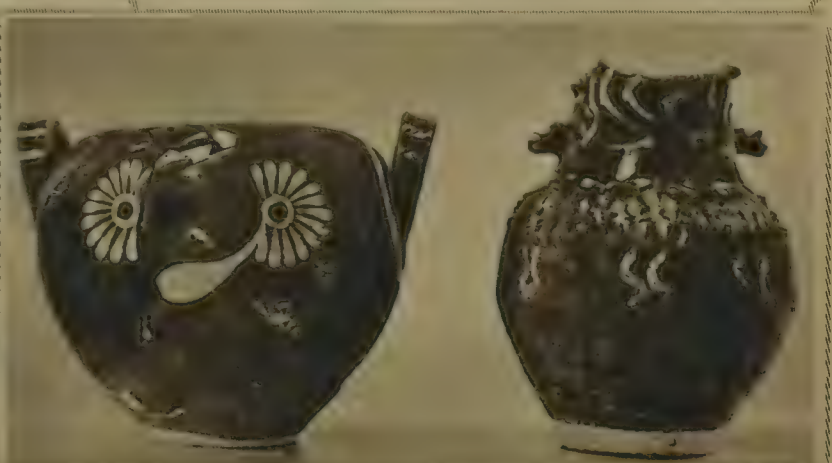


FIG. 11. (LEFT) A "STAMNOS" WITH TWO HANDLES SHOWING A DOUBLE-AXE BETWEEN TWO PALMETTES; AND (RIGHT) A JUG WITH A TOOTHED MOUTH.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THE writer who has once been visited by inspiration is for ever handicapped ; left to himself he can't live up to it, nor can he live it down. Take, for example, Margaret Kennedy. She never writes a dull story, or fails to entertain and charm. Her latest novel, "Lucy Carmichael" (Macmillan ; 12s. 6d.), has all the wit, intelligence, distinction one could well require. But it is not a "Constant Nymph" ; so, in a measure, it is disappointing. Which seems the more unjust because this writer has improved her talent. "The Constant Nymph" was largely nonsensical ; only it happened to be magic nonsense, and for magic there is no substitute.

But still, her new book is delightful in its own way. It is the story of a noble nature and a broken heart. Lucy, gay, headlong and intrepid, hurls herself at life, in glad assurance of a welcome ; she expects happiness, whereas her friend Melissa reckons on disaster. Lucy is half-distraught with rapture on her wedding eve ; Melissa's heart is in her boots. For she regards the elegant, successful Patrick as a fatal choice, unworthy of his bride and certain to let her down. But not even Melissa has foreseen the worst. He simply does not appear. Lucy is jilted, literally at the altar.

She takes it quietly, but her former self is snuffed out. She turns quite plain, almost repulsive-looking, in her apathy. All that survives is will—the will to bear, to get away, to get herself an occupation. And this she finds in a provincial town, on which the local magnate has bestowed an Arts Institute. In Millwood's youth there was no culture to be had in Ravensbridge ; but now there is a great Lump on the hill, with schools of music, art and drama, handsomely endowed, and offering bad plays and concerts to indifferent artisans. In short, the visionary Athens is a dead failure. But Lucy has her job in the Dramatic School—why should she care ?

And yet, insensibly, she starts to care. The scheme was grand, and Millwood might have brought it off. Only he died within a fortnight of the opening ; and though his widow, Lady Frances, is a slave to duty, she has no contact with the arts and very little with the world about her. As for Terrific Charles, the son and heir, he merely turns his nose up. And so the project has collapsed, and the intriguers are moving in. One skilful coup, and they will have the whole thing in their pockets.

But not if Lucy can prevent it. Lucy has sprung to life again ; she is a force, a whirlwind—but she is too late. Pigheaded, vacillating goodness turns a deaf ear, while evil grabs the helm. But there may come a better day ; and for the resurrected Lucy, it has come already. The plot, though carefully devised, is not well balanced. It has a big join after Lucy's "wedding," and a smaller one on her departure from Ravensbridge, and the Melissa theme gets pushed into a corner. But all is gaiety, romance and reason as you go along.

I don't know what to say of "Morning Journey," by James Hilton (Macmillan ; 12s. 6d.). It begins at the end, and then works round to the beginning—a familiar gambit, but one which always strikes me as a bad sign. Yet on the whole it is straightforward, competent and worthy. It is about a good and charming actress and a "great" producer, so it should be glamorous ; indeed, Paul Saffron seems cut out for a romantic figure. What has gone wrong ? Why is one left with the sensation of a long trudge ?

Well, possibly the fault was mine. Here is an outline of events : Carey is Irish, with dramatic instincts and a small talent. Paul is a young American of genius—as yet unknown, but full of bounce, and inexhaustible on his own trumpet. They fall in love and marry, and he makes a star of her. But this professional fulfilment is a great strain ; it is a strain to satisfy him, and to tone him down, and to placate his enemies, and to prevent him in half his doings. So when he leaves her in New York, sneaks off to Germany and takes up with a German actress, she is not heartbroken. Indeed, if anything, it is a let-off. She retires from the stage, marries a smooth, secretive millionaire and leads a happy life. But Austen has no faith in her persistence. He is afraid if Paul comes back she will relapse, and tries to keep her in a moral purdah.

Paul does come back after the war—old, unregenerate, unwanted, but a genius still. It is quite certain nobody will give him work. But Carey is in demand ; and what she does, we learnt at the beginning. But it is somehow dull. Even the glamour parts are dull, and Carey's second marriage is completely stagnant. Why, I don't know.

"Rain on the Pavements," by Roland Camberton (John Lehmann ; 10s. 6d.), is not a novel, but the story of a Jewish childhood in Hackney. David is three years old on the first page, and at the end he has left school. These records of the young idea, all much alike—the boy is always sensitive and clever, for a good reason—are also endless in variety and charm. I mean, of course, if they are any good. And this one is particularly good. It has a novel background—the warm, exuberant, exotic background of the Jewish family, the synagogue and the Talmudical College ; and that alone would recommend it. But the writer's gift is worth more. He has a keen, ironic eye, a taste for human oddity and evolution, an impassioned interest in the "onrush of life and change." It is a rich book, in a small way.

"McLean to the Dark Tower Came," by George Goodchild (Rich and Cowan ; 9s. 6d.), opens at Strafford Park, where only man is vile. At least, the younger sort are harmless, but the elders are a queer lot. When Grandma fell into the lake, everything went to Grandpa, who is always tipping, and quarrelling with his daughter Gertrude. Then he is poisoned in the night, and Gertrude is the chief suspect. But there is one odd fact—a message she received next day. It says : "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" and Gertrude says she can't make it out. But to McLean of Scotland Yard it means that somewhere in her life there was a Roland and a dark tower, and he sets out to look for them. There is a love-affair as well, and a dramatic finish ; and though unpalatable—indeed, I think impossible—it is a good story.

CHess NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CHEER up, rabbits ! Every now and again the masters hearten us all by demonstrating that they are human like the rest of us. At Hastings, what might have been the game of the tournament produced some fantastically in-and-out play.

GLIGORIC	SCHMID	GLIGORIC	SCHMID
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K3	9. P×P	P-B3
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	10. P×P	Kt×BP
3. Kt-Q2	Kt-KB3	11. O-O	B-Q3
4. P-K5	KKt Q2	12. Kt-B3	B-Q2
5. B-Q3	P-QB4	13. Kt QKt5 ?	B-Kt1
6. P-QB3	Kt-QB3	14. Kt-B3 ?	Kt×P !
7. Kt-K2	Q-Kt3	15. Kt×Kt	Q×Kt
8. Kt-B3	BP×P	16. P-KR3	

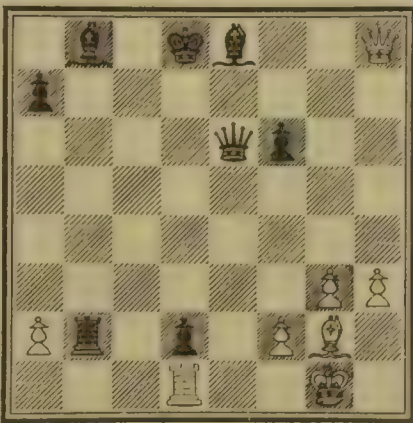
Gligoric realises that he cannot win Schmid's queen by 16. B-Kt6ch, P×B ; 17. Q×Q without losing his own in return by 17. . . . B×Pch ; 18. K-R1, B-K4 dis ch. Rather neat ! Badly shaken, he decides to sacrifice another pawn to obtain play for his pieces.

	16. Q-Kt3	19. B×Kt	P×B
17. B-K3	Q×P	20. Q-R5ch	K-Q1
18. B-Q4	Q-R6	21. Kt×P	

Sheer desperation. He has practically no compensation for the two pawns.

22. QR-Q1	21. P×Kt	28. Q-R8ch	B-Kt1
23. P-Kt3	Q-Q3	29. R-Kt1	R(K1)-K7
24. B-K4	B-B2	30. R×R	R×R
25. B×KtP	P-Q5	31. Q-K4	P-Q6
26. B-Kt2	R-QKt1	32. Q×RP	P-Q7
27. Q-B3	R-K7	33. R-Q1	Q-K3
	R-K1	34. Q-R8ch	B-K1

BLACK.



WHITE.

Gligoric is a clear bishop down and faces a passed pawn which, threatening to queen in one move, renders his rook immobile. To speak of Schmid's slightly exposed king as any sort of compensation is ludicrous. Recalling the way in which in modern master chess the flimsiest positional advantages are exploited by refined technique, you would hardly conceive that Schmid could fritter away such an advantage into a draw. But he does ! Of course, the trouble is psychological—he thinks the game will win itself.

35. B-B3	R×P	44. Q×Bch	K×Q
36. K-Kt2	P-R4 ?	45. P-R8(Q)ch	K-Q2
37. P-R4	B-R2 ?	46. Q-R7ch	K-Q1
38. P-R5	Q-Kt3 ?	47. Q-Kt8ch	K-K2
39. K-R3	Q-K3ch	48. Q-Kt7ch	K-Q1
40. K-Kt2	Q-Kt3	49. Q-R8ch	K-Q2
41. K-R3	Q-Q3	50. B-Kt4ch	K-B3
42. P-R6	R-B7	51. Q-K8ch	K-B4
43. P-R7	R-B2	52. Q-K2	Draw agreed.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

PROFESSOR DENNIS BROGAN is well known as an authority on political thought, as a commentator on the American and European scenes and, like his brother, when necessary, as a polemist. His latest book, "The Price of Revolution" (Hamish Hamilton ; 15s.), is certainly one of his most important. At one point he quotes the formidable Chinese curse that your enemy "will live in interesting times." Seldom has humanity lived through such "interesting times" as it has through the lifetime of a man now aged sixty. Indeed, so "interesting" in the pejorative sense are these times that we tend to miss their significance in a world where within fifty years man has learnt to fly, to develop the most appalling weapons of destruction, where empires and kingdoms have been tumbled down, and where a tyranny erected into a religion and a system of government threatens half the world with the dark ages of the spirit, that all is taken as something for granted by the average man and woman.

Professor Brogan in this brilliant survey examines the anatomy of violent change. He traces the habit of revolution to the revolutionary slogan of a young erudite Virginia slave-holder who wrote : "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Our own revolution of 1688 he rightly dismisses as a "coalition of great landowners, great merchants and bankers" who dethroned the King by Divine Right and replaced him by their "employee," as having little in common with the real revolutionary spirit. That revolutionary spirit he first sees in the American War of Independence, but which, of course, reached its highest and lowest manifestation in the French Revolution a few years later. The habit of revolution, that is to say, of thinking that all human ills can be cured by violent medicine, has become an endemic part of the political thought (if it can be so called) of whole sections of the population of Europe and the world. While in no way underestimating the evils which call "revolution" into being he asks the reader to consider whether the price in human misery is not on the high side. Out of the store of his immense erudition he ranges over the whole history of revolutionary movements from 1774 to the present day, and produces an admirable and penetrating analysis of the Russian Revolution and present-day Marxism. He examines the current problems of "Imperialism" (by European Powers which are on the defensive) in the face of the far more effective Imperialism of the Soviets ; the strength and weaknesses of the United States ; and the strength and weakness of Christian civilisation in the face of its deadly threat. Professor Brogan stresses the fact that the hope that the power of a secular religion, Communism, is offset by the power of Christianity and by the international organisation of the Vatican is altogether too facile. Like Mr. Alexander Clifford's brilliant "Enter Citizens" to which I referred some time ago, Professor Brogan merely presents the problem. He scarcely ventures to provide a solution. Indeed, he is far too intelligent to fall into the modern fallacy of believing that there is a way out of every difficulty. This is an extraordinarily good book and a most disturbing one.

Sir Norman Angell's life covers the whole period of the "interesting times" to which I have referred. His autobiography, "After All" (Hamish Hamilton ; 18s.), is a most interesting work. Sir Norman is, of course, famous for his undaunted work for peace through collective security and through his remarkable pamphleteering book "The Great Illusion." That he himself may have been deluded by his enthusiasm has occurred to many who have studied his career, but not even his worst enemy would doubt his sincerity or question his motives. Sir Norman maintains now, as he did before 1914, that the Belloc couplet, "Pale Ebenezer thought it wrong to fight, But Roaring Bill (who killed him) thought it right," was a distortion of his attitude and of those who thought with him. Whether collective security could ever have worked is a question. Certainly the blind pursuit of it by so many pacifists between the wars must be held accountable for no inconsiderable part of the misery and bloodshed arising out of the last conflict. However, the unflagging quest of peace to which Sir Norman has dedicated his life is only a part, though naturally a very important part, of this autobiography. Sir Norman deals with his early life as a farm-hand, as a cowboy and as a miner in the West of the United States ; and as a director and manager under Northcliffe of the Paris Daily Mail. Few people can have had less in common superficially than the ruthless circulation hunter which was Northcliffe, and the slightly "cranky" intellectual which was Angell. Nevertheless, he appears to have fallen completely under the spell of Northcliffe's charm and vitality. A gentle and attractive "Life" by one who has never allowed himself to be distracted from following his lights—even if to others they might be the wrong ones.

Another most interesting autobiography, interesting in that it is both a self-portrait and a history of India, is "The Discovery of India," by Jawaharlal Nehru (Meridian Books ; 25s.). He has a scholarly pen, and when allowance has been made for a political bias, this picture of his own country seen through the eyes of an Indian is as valuable as the picture he draws of himself is revealing.

Of making many books about D. H. Lawrence there would appear to be no end. The latest is "The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence," by Harry T. Moore (Allen and Unwin ; 25s.). This is a full and comprehensive biography which is marred neither by unappreciative criticism nor biased ecstasy. E. D. O'BRIEN.

This year, Popular Mechanics magazine is celebrating its half-century. This well-known American publication, which was started in a small office in Chicago by the late H. H. Windsor in January, 1902, is now probably the largest monthly magazine of its kind in the world, with a circulation well in excess of a million copies. To celebrate its fiftieth birthday "an album of American progress" has been produced containing articles, pictures, etc., that have appeared in the magazine since the first issue. "Fifty Years of Popular Mechanics, 1902-1952," is published by Simon and Schuster, New York, price 5 dollars.



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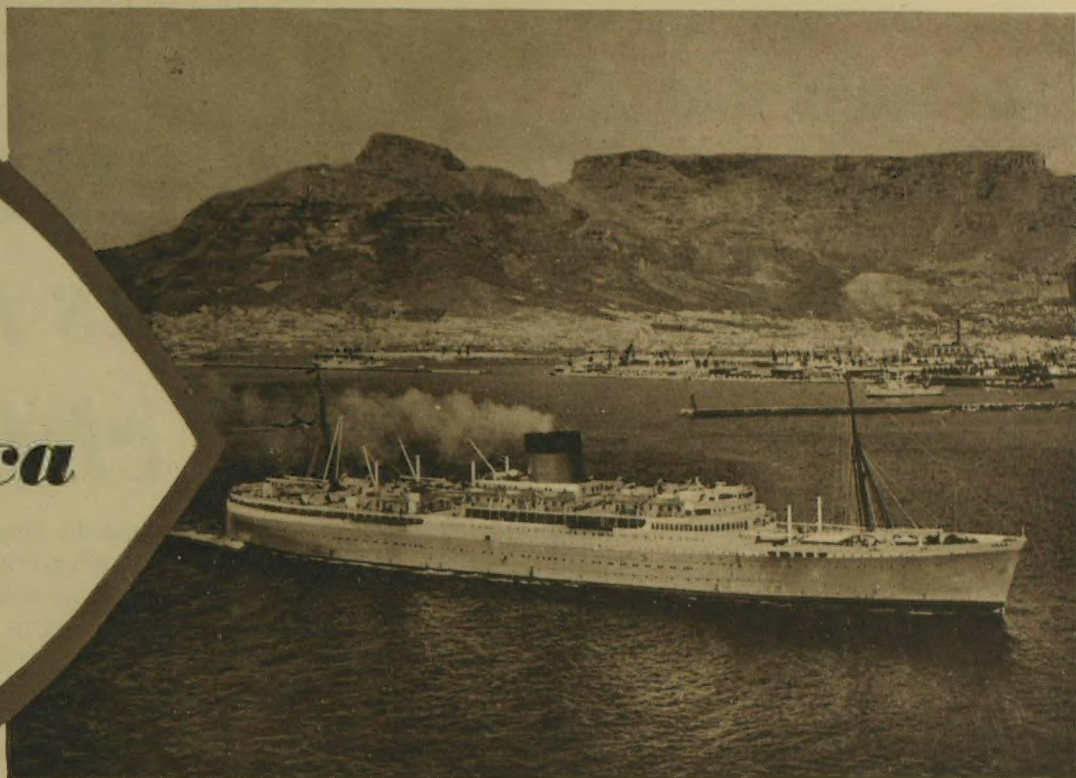
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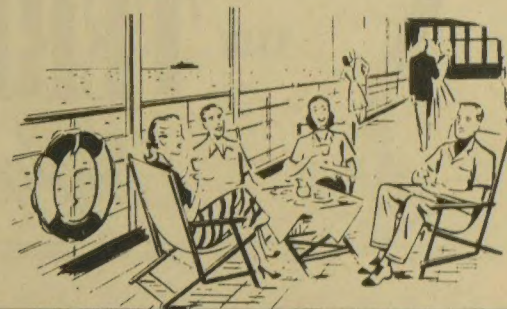
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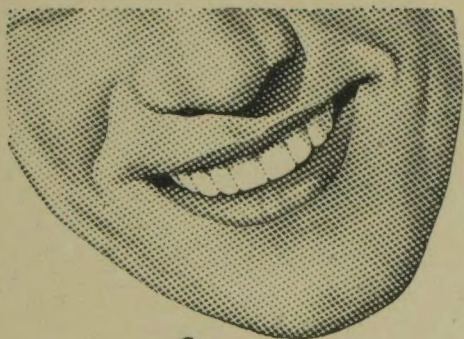
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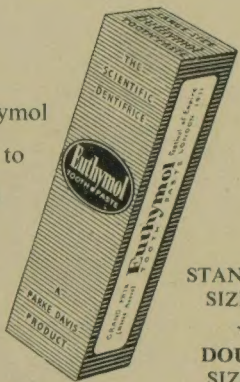


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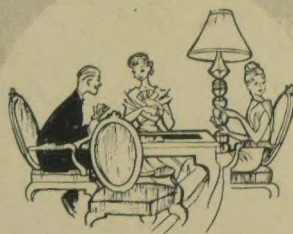
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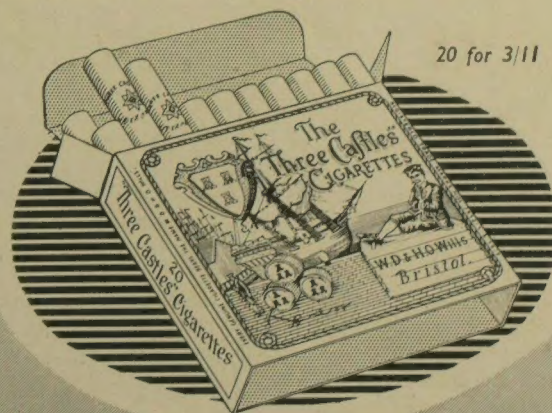


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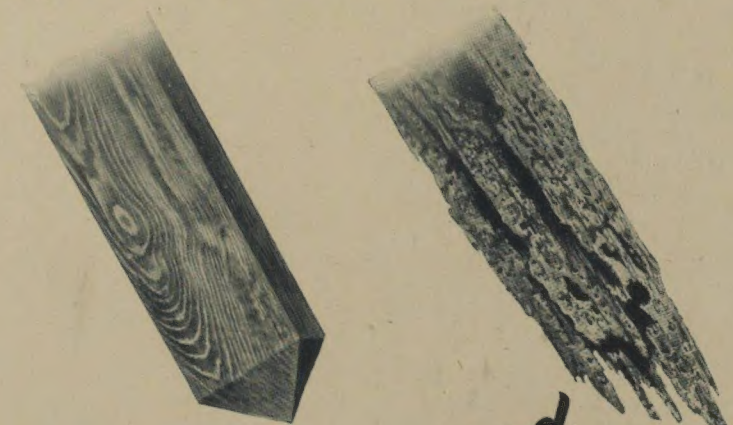
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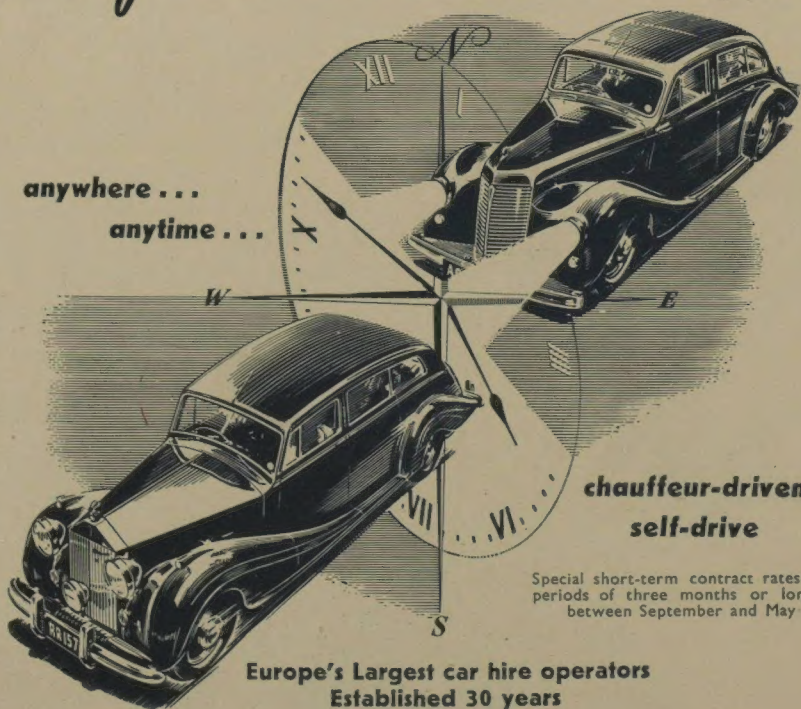
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